

HIT PARADER

35 CENTS

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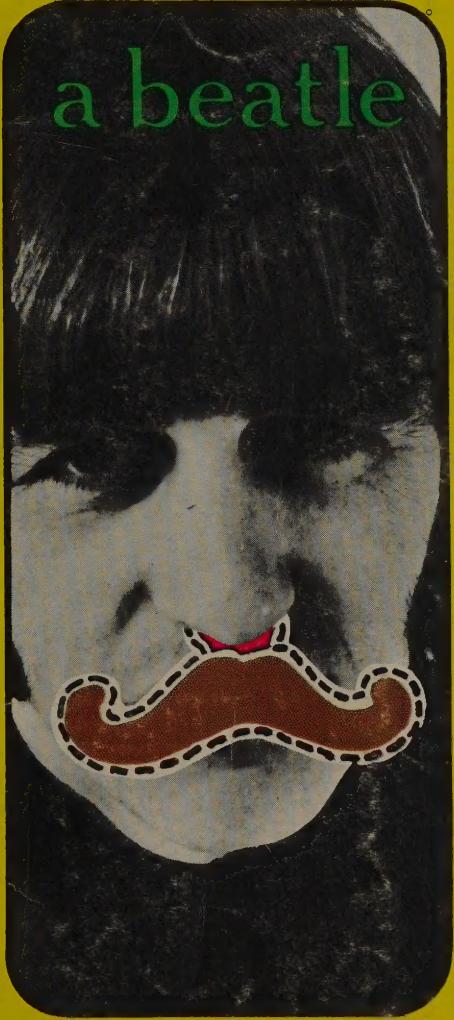
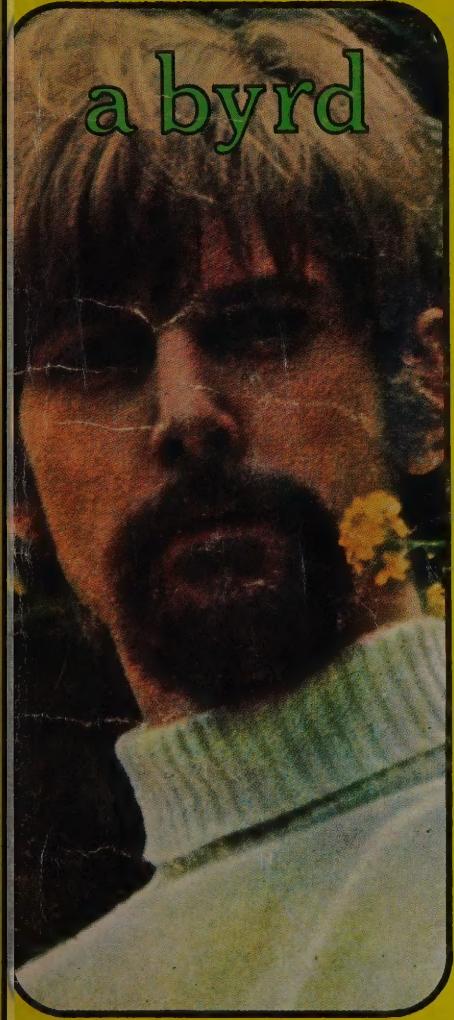
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

SEPTEMBER

THE PROBLEMS OF BEING:

a byrd

a beatle



The Tex-Mex Story / Mystique of Tim Buckley
An Analysis of BRITISH GROUP SCENE Today
Interviews with: ALBERT KING, JOHN HARTFORD,
HENNY RANKIN, MANFRED MANN & TAJ MAHAL
Living with John Wesley Harding & Lady Madonna

WARM YOURSELF BY
THE FIRE OF STEPPENWOLF

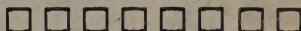
Patsy Kirksey

WORDS
TO ALL YOUR
HIT SONGS

PICTURES I HEAR

SONGS FROM
! THE NEW MONKEE !

ALBUM



FRIENDS

MRS. ROBINSON

THE HAPPY SONG

DO YOU KNOW THE WAY
TO SAN JOSE

IF I WERE A CARPENTER

WEAR IT ON OUR FACE

MY GIRL/HEY GIRL

WE'RE ROLLING ON

TRIBUTE TO A KING

BROOKLYNROADS

MAY I TAKE A GIANT STEP

I COULD NEVER
LOVE ANOTHER

AIN'T NOTHING LIKE THE
REAL THING

SLEEPY JOE

SHE'S LOOKING GOOD

SHOO-BE-DOO-BE-DOO

BABY MAKE YOUR OWN
SWEET MUSIC

I PROMISE TO WAIT MY LOVE

LIKE TO GET TO KNOW YOU

TAKE GOOD CARE OF
MY BABY

COWBOYS TO GIRLS

A TIME FOR LIVING

YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY

I CAN REMEMBER

PICTURES I HEAR • GRANNY'S GOSSIP

PLATTER CHATTER • SHOPPING BAG

THE SCENE •

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THE SCAFFOLD

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(L-34)



dave van ronk
(L-30)



gordon lightfoot
(L-33)



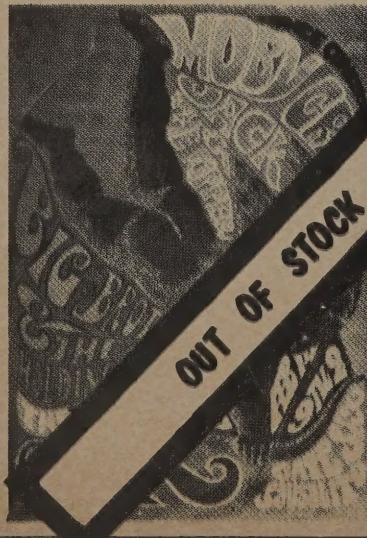
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(L-40)



mose allison
(L-37)



miriam makeba
(L-36)



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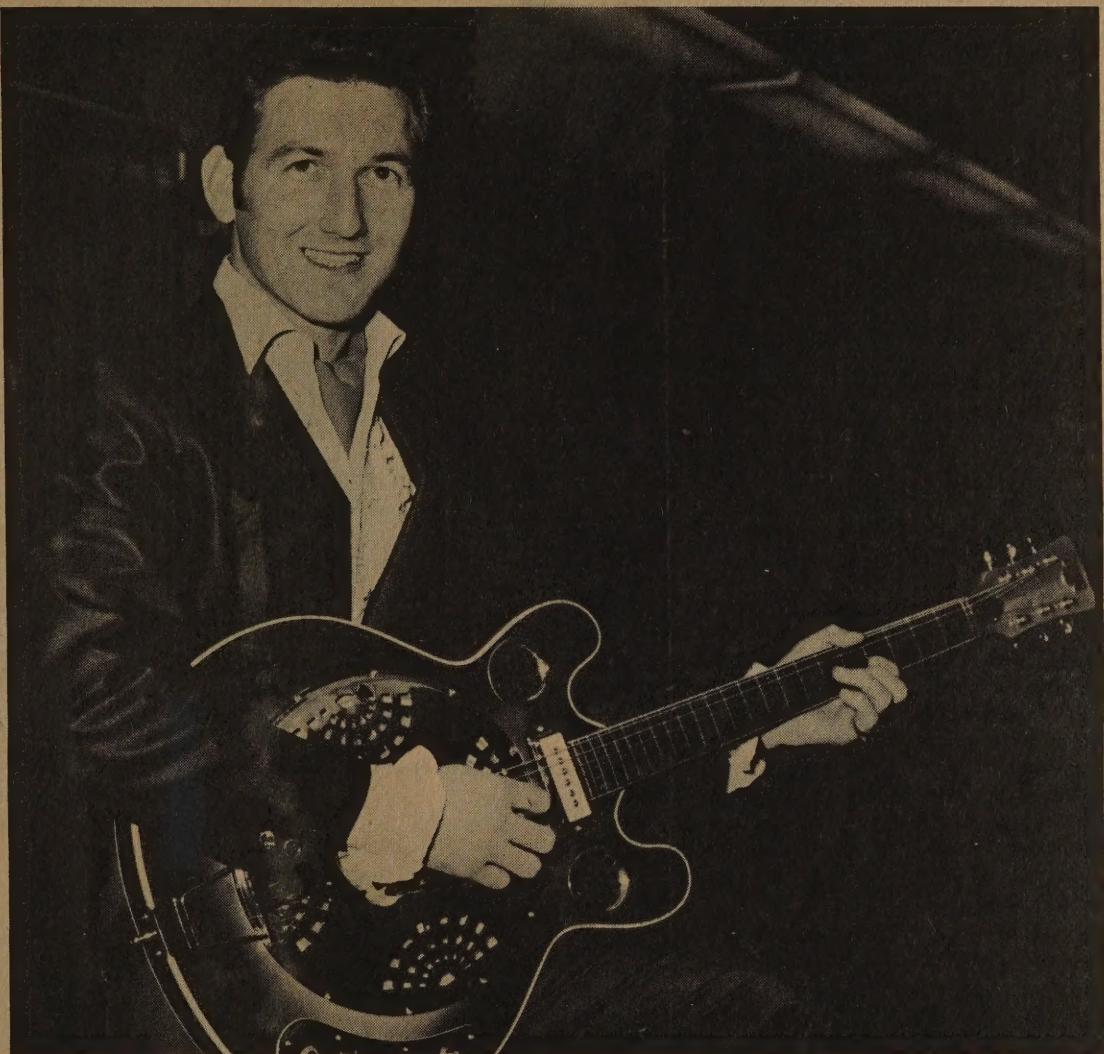
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hit Parader...

SEPT. 1968

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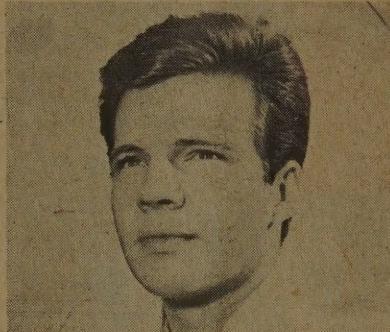
PARADE OF SONG HITS

•MRS. ROBINSON



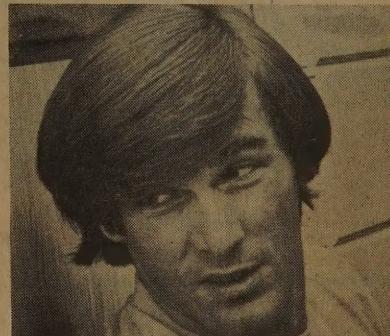
By Simon & Garfunkel

•MY GIRL - HEY GIRL



By Bobby Vee

•FRIENDS



By The Beach Boys

**OVER 35
TOP TUNES
COMPLETE
SONG INDEX
ON PAGE 28**

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Herb Alpert	The Bee Gees
Blues Magoos	Dionne Warwick
The Beach Boys	Lovin' Spoonful
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The Yellow Balloon	Sonny and Cher
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As a member of Young America Record Club you receive regular 16-page Club magazine of the hits being played most by the disc jockeys, on the juke boxes, from the "Top-of-the-Charts." They're all yours at the Club's low prices, with just a small charge for handling and mailing. And, as a member, you can

1. Get **FREE RECORDS** just for introducing your friends as members.
2. Get news about you printed in the Club's newspaper.
3. Get **FREE SAMPLE PRODUCTS** from famous manufacturers.
4. Know what's hip and happening on the 'teen scene here and abroad.

5. Make friends in your home town (or anywhere in the country) through free "Pen-Pal" service.

6. Be selected as Miss "Young America" in the Club's Beauty Queen Contest.

7. Buy **LUCKY RECORDS** and get another record **FREE**.

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9. Run **PERSONAL MESSAGES** in "On Beat"—trade things, get in touch with friends, tell some "major animal" you're his "bird"!

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1. Get **FREE RECORDS** just for introducing your friends as members.
2. Get news about you printed in the Club's newspaper.
3. Get **FREE SAMPLE PRODUCTS** from famous manufacturers.
4. Know what's hip and happening on the 'teen scene here and abroad.

Members Sing the Praises Of Young America Record Club

"This is the best record club I have seen. Glad to become a part of it. Thank you."

— J. H.

"I wish there were more clubs who really . . . do as they say and that have 'teen pop albums." — J. C.

"Anyone who wouldn't take advantage of this offer would be passing up a good opportunity!" — F. M.

"I want you to know that I think your Club is a wonderful idea, and I hope to buy a lot of your records." — K. B.

"I have never been very interested in any record club because the prices were too high. I told my boy friend about (Young America Record Club) and I'm sure he will join. Thank you." — T. Y.

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to join Young America Record Club. Membership is limited to teenagers and all young Americans, including our young Canadian friends. The records are specially low-priced to stretch allowances.

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DOES THE CLUB . . .	CLUB "A"	CLUB "B"	YOUNG AMERICA RECORD CLUB
Bring your favorite 'teen stars?	Some	Some	ALL 'teen stars
Obligate you to buy records?	YES—12	YES—10	NONE
Bill you for records you didn't order?	Possibly	Possibly	NEVER
Ship records right away?	5-6 wks	5-6 wks	Same day ordered
Discount your records?	NO	NO	25%—33½% 50% 75%
Offer tapes and singles	NO	NO	YES
Offer all labels?	NO	NO	ALL LABELS
Do you get all new records as soon-as-released?	NO	NO	YES—all of them
Offer "teen activities?"	NO	NO	YES—fun galore!
Offer "lucky purchase" records bring you free products, etc.?	NO	NO	So join today!

Young America Record Club

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YES—I want to participate in all the fun and activities of the Club being lined up for 'teens.

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YES—send free 16-page magazine regularly . . . advice, inside information on 'teen stars, recordings, fashions, news about members.

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We invite all readers to send comments, criticism, questions and requests to: WE READ YOUR MAIL, HIT PARADER, CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN. 06418.

Dear Editor:

Your magazine is the only magazine I read faithfully each month. I think you present news of the pop music world in an intelligent and interesting manner. You always run articles on neat guys like Clapton and Bloomfield instead of the Monkees or Paul Revere and his cronies.

I am especially intrigued by the attention you give to bass players. I have been playing electric bass for almost four years and yours is the first magazine to give it any intelligent thought. The bass is just as important to a group as is the lead guitar. Eric Clapton may be the world's greatest guitar player, but I'm sure he will agree that it takes a fine bassist like Jack Bruce to give him a foundation to build on. The bass is being recorded better lately and people dig it more.

I have a few tips for young bassists who are on the verge of buying equipment. As I mentioned earlier, I have been playing for almost four years and I have played several makes of bass guitars, both hollow and solid. I will not name any names for fear you may lose some advertisers but after all the guitars I've owned, nothing beats my Fender. It's the finest bass I've ever played. They well deserve their reputation. Whether you buy the Mustang bass, which I have, or its bigger brothers, the Jazz and Precision, you can be sure of getting the finest solid body bass available. This is my own opinion, so if anybody out there blames you guys they shouldn't.

If you get an amp, get a big one. The little ones may cost less but they offer nothing but distortion and eventually cracked speakers. I have a large amp, 150 watts, and it gives my high notes a clear crackle. Save up the bread for a bigger amp, man—it's worth it in the long run. Get yourself a good amp and bass and practice. I owned four guitars before I settled on the Fender and now that I am playing a guitar, I really dig, I

practice more and play better. I can play with my fingers but I prefer a hard plastic pick. The pick gives you a cleaner, crisper sound. I feel you can play faster with a pick. It takes a helluva long time to build up your fingers.

Well, that's all I have to put down. I am twenty and have been playing with a blues band for three years. My favorite bassists are Jack Casady (Jefferson Airplane) and Chris Hillman (Byrds). Casady is the best in the world. Listen to the way he walks on "Watch Her Ride." It's amazing.

Keep up the good work. How about an article on the Siegel-Schwall Blues Band? They're a great band but hardly anybody knows of them. They have out two albums on Vanguard.

Larry Robinson
Bari Manor
Croton, New York

Dear Editor:

Almost everything has been said about the so-called "Tex-Mex" songs but that the influence of the simple three-chord pattern belongs to the Caribbean region which, because of cultural links, reaches as far as the state of Tamaulipas, passing along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico and touching the state of Veracruz, where, in some place long time ago, La Bamba was created. A part from that, all the Mexican songs turn into a more complicated musical form. Some Mexican songs written at the beginning of this century in the southern portion of Mexico (Yucatan and Campeche) have the most complicated chord pattern that I have ever heard in popular songs.

Instead, if you analyze the musical production of the Caribbean countries, you will find that most of it falls into the three-chord pattern of the "Tex-Mex" stuff—for example: "Jamaica Farewell," "Come Back, Lisa," "Guantanamera," and many more. I guess that all this should be considered before classifying a certain musical form, the "Tex-Mex" in this case.

On the other side, I would also like to say that actually it is very hard to qualify a certain song just on the basis of its music because although it is a very important part of it, the execution and the meaning of the song are the other two columns that support it. If what I just said was not true, Bob Dylan would not have gone any further than remaining a third-class coffeehouse singer; or, perhaps, he would have gone out of business. Take his "Like A Rolling Stone," for example, which falls into the "Tex-Mex" group: if it were not for the way he sings it and what it says, it would not have been a hit. Well, I guess that this is all that I can say about this.

Say, what has been happening to Elvis Presley? Is he returning, musically, to the place where he began? I say this because his songs were the thing that impelled me to learn English—he was the first English-speaking singer that I ever paid attention to, but lately I have been seeing all the pop singers climbing the ladder to better musical forms—The Beatles ahead—and he, instead, comes out with "Guitar Man," which first got recognition in the country charts and after that in the pop field. I also have been noticing that you don't publish very many things about him. Is he so hard to reach?

Keep up the good work that you have been doing.

Francisco Toscano
Zaragoza No. 700 (CIMA)
Coatzacoalcos, Ver., Mex.

Dear Editor:

I am sick and tired of you saying, and I quote, "The three best men on their instruments."

Are you serious? Their so-called greatest drummer, Ginger Baker, is so bad, it isn't funny.

Jack Bruce is good but not the best. But I don't believe how you can say Eric Clapton is the best guitar player in the world. He is unimaginative and sounds alike on all the songs.

I don't see how you can overlook anybody as great as Jimi Hendrix. He is without question

the greatest guitar player in the world.

Eric Clapton couldn't carry Jimi Hendrix's pick.

Also, why you overlook Keith Moon of the Who, I don't know. He is the best and fastest drummer in the universe. Nobody can touch him.

I really can't say Jack Bruce is bad but while Pete Quaife, John Entwistle, Paul McCartney, Danny McCulloch, Noel Redding, and Bill Wyman are around, Jack Bruce isn't the best.

I bought the Cream's "Disraeli Gears" album on your rave review and I believe for the first time you made a mistake.

I would like to know why the Kinks are ignored in this country. It's great all the articles you print on them but apparently a lot of people are blind.

I would like to ask "What's wrong with New York ignoring Eric Burdon and the Animals?" The rest of the country has all their records in the top ten.

In closing, I would like to say your magazine is great. But why spoil a great thing by printing articles on the Monkees? If they have any talent, it's pretty well hidden.

And you overlook such outstanding groups like the Tremeloes, Small Faces, Jimi Hendrix Experience, Spencer Davis and the Pink Floyd. They all deserve recognition.

Sol Grubergin
29 Avenue West
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

I am a French girl living in Viet Nam and I am eighteen. With the present situation, there is no entertainment in the country and it would be a pleasure for me to write to some of you. I have some friends here and in France to whom I can pass the letters if I could not answer to all. Send pictures if you want. Thank you in advance for writing.

Send all letters to:
Andree Fourastie
c/o L.T.R.
158 E, Tu Do
Saigon, (South Vietnam)
(continued on page 54)

the scene



REAL RADIO GOOD GUYS

Your May issue came with perfect timing. I was just considering writing you about a couple of radio stations you should know about, when I saw this sentence in "The Scene": "If you want honest-heavy radio where you can hear the Moonglows and gospel and the cuts on the British Jimi Hendrix album, or

jazz or entire albums - write to HP." It describes perfectly KMPX in San Francisco and KPPC in Pasadena (L.A.), two new 24-hour-a-day rock stations run by Tom Donohue, a former Top 40 DJ in San Francisco. Since the stations are on FM, you get much better reception and less distortion than on AM radio, though this fact also keeps them out of the ears of the mass public who do not own FM radios. Nevertheless, in less than a year, KMPX has captured something like 85% of the 18-30 age bracket of radio listeners. My figures may be slightly off, but I know the percentage is greater than 75%. KPPC just started in November, and all of L.A.'s hip community tunes in.

The great things about these stations are (1) the music; (2) the DJ's, who are

in their early 20's, are hip to music and what's going on, and speak in normal voices at normal speed; (3) the relative absence of commercials, limited to eight per hour (every seven minutes, average), which are all spoken, not sung, screamed, or shouted, and can be regarded as public service announcements since they are all for things of interest and value to the community of rock lovers, viz., record sales, rock concerts, hip clothing stores, announcements of new record releases.

The music is just about all that could be desired. You can hear all twenty-five minutes of "Alice's Restaurant" uninterrupted, whole sides of Rolling

(continued on page 61)



THE WHO

depend on the
sound of **sunn**



why don't you?

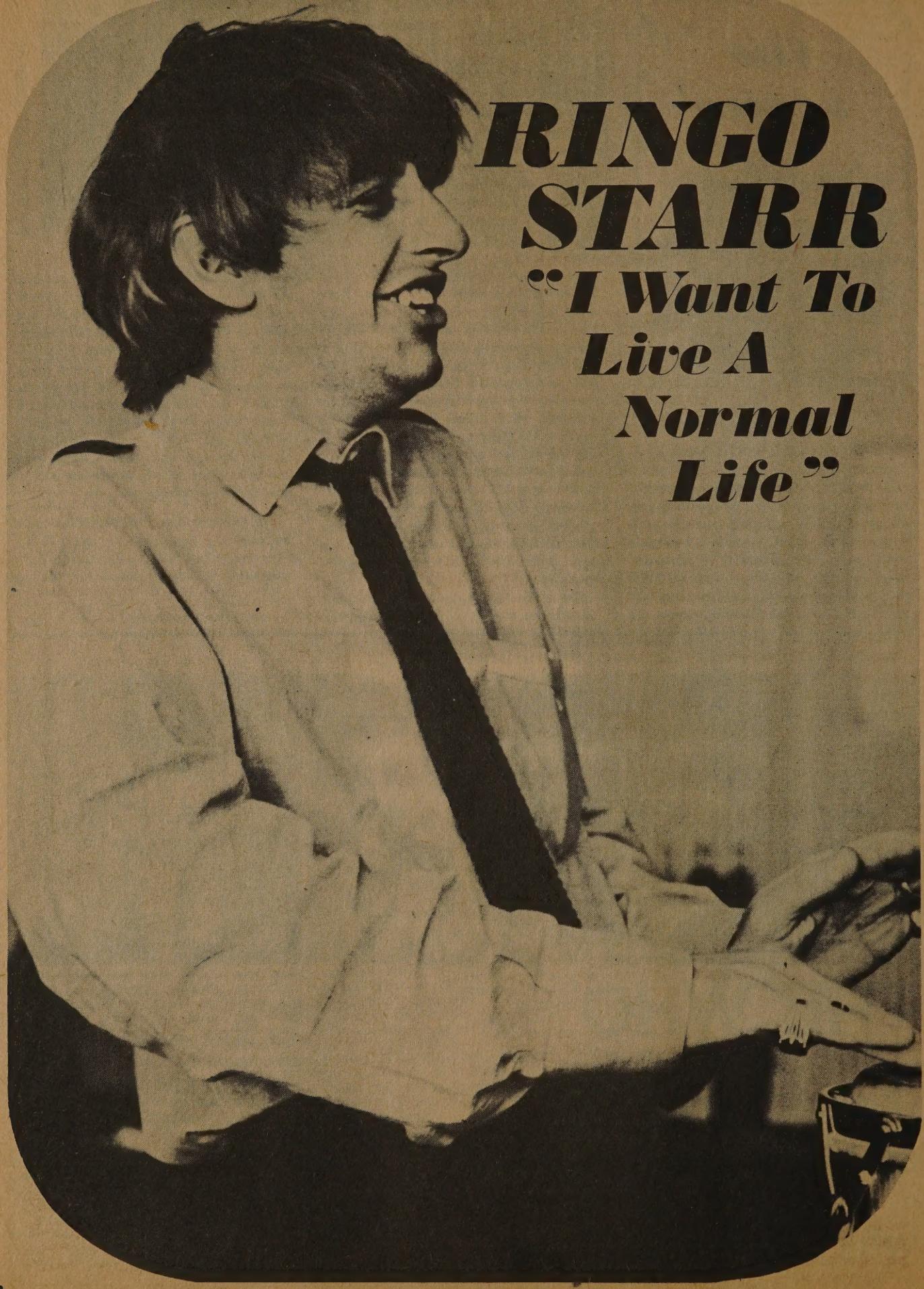
For complete information send
this coupon to:
Sunn Musical Equipment Company
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tualatin, oregon 97062

name & age _____

no. & street _____

city _____ state _____

group name _____

A black and white photograph of Ringo Starr, shown from the waist up in a three-quarter profile facing right. He has dark, wavy hair and is wearing a light-colored button-down shirt with a dark tie. He is smiling warmly at the camera. The background is a plain, light color.

**RINGO
STARR**

***"I Want To
Live A
Normal
Life"***

The suntan peeped around the fringes of Ringo Starr's dark, magnificent moustache, and he sat forward on a hard-backed Regency chair in a room of white walls and deep green carpet. He pulled up another chair for his coffee and jam-biscuits....unconsciously flicked his blue-and-white-striped shirt with one strap of his braces (a gift from Maureen, emblazoned with a line of pink elephants side by side)and then turned his blues eyes towards me and waited for the questions.

You could say that if the Ringo Starr of 1962 was a sombre-faced study of black and white, today's Ringo is a gentle picture of color and contentment.

He is more mellow, relaxed and articulate than ever before. He once shrugged off interviews with deadpan Groucho-isms-now he combines his humour with an obviously pleasant disposition and a wish to be helpful.

Ringo '68 is a Nice Guy who has found himself, who is happiest at home with Maureen, Zak, Jason, Tiger and Poodle and their nine cats, and who can talk amiably on most topics from rock and roll to Rishikesh.

We chatted, in fact, about almost everything: rock and roll; the days when I used to try and get the unknown Beatles a press mention by pointing out that "drummer Ringo Starr went to school with Billy Fury;" how Ringo got home from India without being recognized by a soul; our mutual admiration for Fats Domino and Eddie Cochran.

His role as a randy handy man in "Candy," was he growing away from George, Paul and John?; King Kong; what the charts mean to him today; the future; the ignorance of some older people; respect for his privacy; some old rock 78's now being worth 30 bob apiece; and did I want to buy five flats and two houses he still had for sale because of Harold Wilson?

He smiled a magnificent mustached smile and told me that getting back from India without publicity was "the easiest thing in the world."

"Usually," said Ringo, "I tell people I want to get somewhere quietly, and it turns out everyone knows. A hundred people are in on the secret. I know what it is: the airlines like to get you photographed with the name."

"This time, we just drove into

Delhi, got a ticket, and that was it. We stopped off in Tehran and this bloke from the airline came up and said: 'Excuse me, are you one of the Beatles?'

"I said, 'No' and he just walked away and that was that. I guess we're not too big in Tehran!"

"Rock and roll? If it does come back, it won't be for more than six months, or it will be re-releases of the old classics by Elvis, Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis and Fats Domino. Fats was...well...fantastic." His eyes lit up and we both did a bit of jumping about in praise of numbers like "Blueberry Hill."

He said he remembered playing on the Gene Vincent tour with Rory Storm and the Hurricanes, and how he remembered being choked up when Eddie Cochran went and got killed and he wasn't able to see him play on some of the dates.

"It was a great tour, though," said Ringo. "All the Teds were throwing pennies."

He recalled having a great collection of rock 78's - Alan Freed and so on - and whistled at the thought that they now sell for 30 bob to avid collectors. "I gave mine all away to my cousin when she bought a record player," he said with a touch of nostalgic regret, "I don't know why, I just did."

He loved contributing a cameo role to "Candy," which is still in production with other big names like Burton, Brando, and Elsa Martinelli.

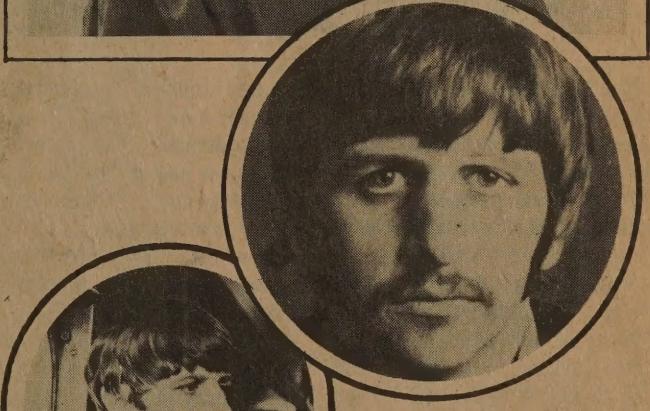
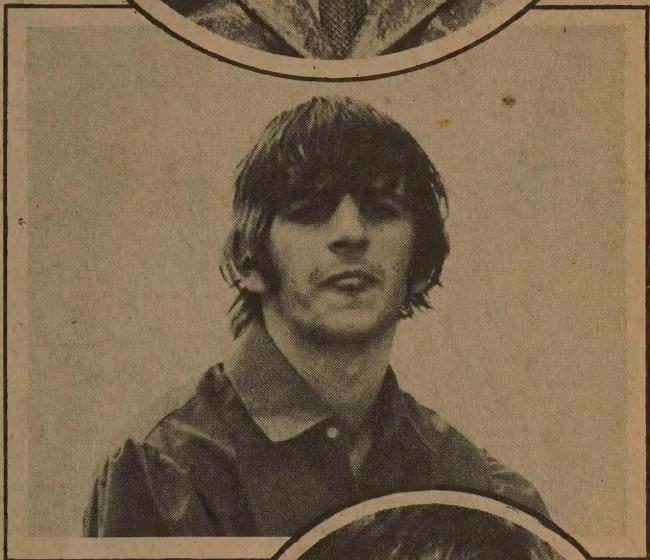
Said Ringo: "Brian brought me the offer about a year ago, and I'd just been sitting on it. But one day I got to thinking I hadn't been doing enough, so I said yes.

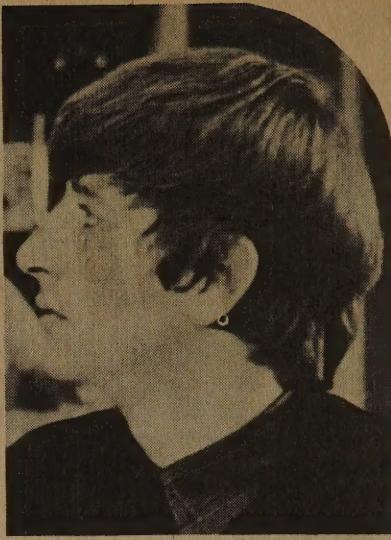
"Mind you, I'd read the book of the film, and I thought: 'You're joking, how can they make that into a film?' Randy isn't the word for it. No wonder it's been banned!

"Doing a small role like that was good, because I'd forgotten all about film techniques and 'Help.' I could have starred in things myself, but a nice two-weeks was enough for me.

"Yes, I like the idea starring in my own film one day, but not right now. At the moment I'm thinking about one we're hoping to make with all of us - one in which we could play all kinds of roles, with me popping up as a chauffeur one minute and King Kong the next. That's the most important."

He suddenly harked back to





"Candy" and we both looked suitably leery as he described the racy rough-and-tumble he has in the scenes with his delectable co-star. He says he won't believe it if the film gets anything less than an 'X.'

And how about "Lady Madonna"?

I hadn't heard the record at the time (he rectified this by kindly giving me one belonging to Beatles' publicist, Tony Barry!) and Ringo said it could best be described as "rockaswing."

He mentioned "Bad Penny Blues," and said that on the disc he swung on the brushes, somewhat in the same style. He couldn't really say what the lyric was all about: only Paul really knew what he had in his mind.

Paul had composed the song at home, and originally done it on piano with a touch of the Fats Waller.

I said I realized the technical difficulties involved, but could Ringo honestly tell me if he ever thought the Beatles would tour again?

"Not the way I see it," he said after a moment. "I don't want to

tour or do interviews or anything!"

I looked a bit put out - I thought he was dropping hints I should pick up me tea and biscuits and head for the door - but he explained he had four interviews that afternoon and they weren't really "him;" although he did have to confess he liked to read them in the papers.

"The trouble is," said Ringo with consideration, "sometimes I hear myself saying the same things over again. But I do try to change the words about a bit - and it's nice not to be talking about India all the time."

I asked about the philosophy behind the Beatles' single - there were pundits going about saying the Beatles had decided to go back to simple rock and roll because they felt they couldn't progress any further. Was that the case?

"A load of rubbish," said Ringo commendably slicing through such rubbish like a knife through a putty.

"What we do is just go into the studio and make records. We make as many as we can, then just listen and pick out a single. We just pick

what we think is the best single. It could be rock or anything."

"Naturally, we made the record, so that much of it is our own decision. But apart from that, we just choose a track. Funny, isn't it...people always like to read something deeper."

"No, we're not heading for a scene where we just make LPs. We have to make singles, don't we? It's one of those things. I know I still get a kick out of the charts, although I don't worry about our position the way I used to."

"I used to see us at No. 1 and I used to worry about us getting there. Now I relax and accept whatever happens."

We talked about people ("I try to get away sometimes - I want to live a normal life after all those years of leaping about") and especially the rudeness he experienced from some people over forty.

"They shout down teenagers," said Ringo, "but they've often got more manners than older people."

"I find older people are often

much more taken up with their own importance. You know how it is: you get a little local councillor, and he'd be just an ordinary bloke except he's got his little bit of power."

"I've had a good eye view of the human race since the Beatles happened, and I've met and seen all kinds. There are nice people who respect your wishes - people who know you're out trying to enjoy yourself and who try to respect your privacy—not like you're out of a zoo."

"Then there are other people who think they're so hip, they should ignore you altogether, and it's a funny feeling walking into a place and nobody comes up to say hello because they don't want to bug you."

"When it's like that, it's like there's a barrier between you: you can feel people consciously not looking up in case they catch your eye. You can actually feel them flinching."

I told Ringo there were those who felt that, because he didn't seem always to share the same interests as George, Paul and John, he and they might be growing apart.

He paused and (understandably, I suppose) seemed embarrassed by the topic.

"You see," said Ringo after a while, "there have always been the four of us, and no matter what one did, the others knew about it. But we're also individuals."

"We are all as interested in India, but it depends how far you want to take it. Obviously, I'm far more involved with my family and home."

"I have a lot to do...what with Zak...who's aged three and who's a bloody terror...and Jason who's six months."

"Zak is like any other kid: he wants to play with his own toys and mine as well."

"Then we've got our nine cats" (eighty-one lives?), "although five of them are kittens we've had for three months, and we haven't got around to naming them yet. The older ones are Patty, Gilbert, Thomas and Edna."

"Then there's also Tiger, the poodle, who's a sort of peach or apricot color, and whom we've had for three years as a wedding present. They all take up a lot of time."

How about the Ringo, the Ritchie Starkey, under the moustache and the suntan? How was he these days?

He told me he doesn't now get so

(continued on page 51)

The Problems of Being ROGER McGUINN

Byrd Survivor

"So you want to be a rock 'n' roll star? Then listen now to what I say. Just get an electric guitar and learn how to play and when your hair's combed right and your pants are tight it's gonna be all right.

If the words sound familiar, they should, even without the tightly blended Byrd voices and the peppery trumpet of Hugh Masekela and the choppy Latin rhythm erupting from the group's distinctive blending of guitars and percussion. If the words sound pertinent, possibly a bit ironic, they should also, perhaps, even more so than when Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman wrote the song. There were four Byrds then, where there once had been five. Between the completion of that album ("Younger Than Yesterday") and the finish of their next original ("The Notorious Byrd Brothers"), the Columbia group had shrunk to a trio, then to a duo, the authors of "So You Want to Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star."

* But you paid for your riches and fame. Was it all a strange game? You're a little insane. The money that came and the public acclaim...

Roger McGuinn lives in a large (but not too large) lovely house planted in a bed of flowers and grass in a hilly green section of the San Fernando Valley sprawl of Los Angeles. A photoelectric system keeps track of the entrance to the brief driveway, but there are no moats or guards or signs to discourage visitors, only a low wooden fence with an unlocked gate and a large-pawed friendly dog of Labrador ancestry.

McGuinn, beardless for the moment (in contrast to his furry pictures on the last two LPs), sat in the living room with a cup of coffee, his back to an expensive array of tape recorders, amplifiers and other electronic paraphernalia. The dog ("Sophie, just like Sophie Tucker") padded in and sprawled by the coffee table, becoming a passive low-slung couch for Patrick, Roger's energetic 15-month-old child. His wife, Ianthe, a small soft-spoken girl, busied herself in the kitchen during most of the conversation, emerging just in time to rescue a flower vase from the final stages of Patrick's tinkering. (He had already emptied the water on the rug, de-petaled most of its flowers and was con-

ducting an experiment in gravity by not quite balancing it on the arm of a chair.)

The once-quintet who led the first American counterattack on the British pop revolution, the electrified folk who drew praise from both Bob Dylan and the Beatles, was founded by McGuinn (whose name then was Jim, a change he discussed later). They started in Hollywood, a bunch of former folk people who saw the attraction in electric groups and started one: Jim McGuinn, Gene Clark, David Crosby, Chris Hillman and Mike Clark. Several hits later, Gene left. Several hits and a number of failures after that, Crosby split, replaced by Gene. This incarnation lasted only a few weeks, then Gene strayed again. Suddenly Mike Clark disappeared and you knew they had to give up. But they didn't. Their latest album, "The Notorious Byrd Brothers," is just as brilliant as its predecessors created by the whole Byrds' staff. Then Kevin Kelly (Chris Hillman's cousin, once a drummer for the Rising Sons) augmented their ranks to a trio as the new drummer. At the moment, Gram Parsons, lead singer for the International Submarine Band, a rock group with country and western ideas, was performing and recording for the Byrds, though his status between the two ensembles was not yet clear.

HP: Let's talk about the tensions and pressures that beset a popular rock group. Were you friends when the whole thing started?

Roger: No. Well, I'd known David before. I'd known him since 1960 and I knew what kind of a cat he was when I started, but I thought, "Well, maybe he's grown up a little bit." And I didn't know the other guys at all. We just sort of brushed into each other. Gene and I actually started it. We met at the Troubadour (a folk club in Hollywood) and we were both guitar-playing-singing-writing people and we wanted to get a thing going. We were playing around in coffee houses and running around trying to find places to play all night long, and there weren't many out here. So we'd wind up at somebody's house and that was the pattern - no pressure at all, no responsibility, just get up and feed yourself, find a place to play all night. And then we stumbled into the



group.

Then we got "Mr. Tambourine Man" and, bam!, the pressure was on. Our second record was "All I Really Want to Do." We released it simultaneously with Sonny and Cher and we felt that they came down and saw our thing at Ciro's and went home and wrote a few notes down, but everybody does that. Anyway, they beat us out with the record and Dylan was very unhappy. He said, "They beat ya, man, they got ya." He didn't care because he was getting his money anyway from their record, but he was sad that we lost our footing, which was a drag. Then we had a hassle, Sonny and Cher - Byrd conflict - nothing personal but a very competitive thing. Then we had a lull for a while, I'm not sure how long, two months, six months maybe.

Then we came out with "Turn, Turn, Turn," which got to Number One. Our egos were inflated. We went along being kings for a few weeks. I think the cracks, the pressure started in England after our first tour of the States. We had a bad tour over there. We had a bus tour in the States first for thirty days. Without a rest they shipped us to England. We were already wasted before we went. We got there and they expected a professional thing and we weren't ready for it. I mean, some of us had been professional in one capacity or another, but never as a group.

I think about all the old show business people who keep talking about vaudeville and how it was a great place to get their thing together. There isn't anything like that any more. So you are thrust right out into the big time right away and either you make it or you don't. I think we were lucky we stayed around as long as we did, considering how we were when we started.

In England, that's where the cracks started to happen. I got sick, I had like a hundred and three something fever. And we were at the BBC studios doing some show and the doctor came in and said, "This guy shouldn't work, send him home to bed." And they said, "He's got to work." So I'm lying on a couch or something there and everybody's going crazy - nobody has any organization any more. Michael left - he just walked out. He was pulling a Ringo from "Hard Day's Night." Then the other three guys started fighting about whether Michael should be fired or not - it was really heavy. And everybody quit right there and said, "I quit, I'm going home," you know. Anyway, it all got back together. That was the first test and there was very little loyalty there. Everybody was out for himself and running scared.

Gene developed a tremendous fear of airplanes - this was maybe a year later. One day we were going to New York from here to do a Murray the K



special and Gene was on the airplane. I got there late, just as the thing was closing up. I always do. Gene was already freaked out and they were holding his arms and he was saying, "I got to get off, I got to get off, I can't stand this thing." And he was vibrating with fear, it was like 9-foot-in-diameter fear vibrations, very heavy panic. And I got into it and cold sweat came over me, you know, "Wow! Maybe he's right. Maybe he's psychic and knows something I don't know."

But we stayed and he got off. I said, "Hey, man, if you get off it's gonna blow it for you" and he said, "If I stay I'm gonna blow it too." So he got off and that was it, more or less. We worked a couple more gigs with him but we couldn't hold together. He went on his own.

Then we worked as a foursome, and that was all right. We would go three weeks, six weeks between gigs and get up there cold and play, and by the end of the gig, if it was like a three-day engagement, we'd be all right again. David was always a very acidic character - he was always eating into somebody. He was starting to lose interest in the group. It was sort of an underdog group by this time, and his buddies in the Buffalo Springfield and the Jefferson Airplane were saying, "Come on, David, you can do better than that." And he was saying, "Yeah, man, but I've got to be loyal to McGuinn and

Hillman; I can't let them down." Being noble and everything. And all this time we were wishing he'd split. Because he was heavy, hard to handle, being a little too outspoken and hip for the wrong reasons. And he started getting very like a tyrant on the material.

Then Gene came back as a replacement. He said he would fly, he wanted to be a Byrd again, he missed it and he would fly even if we had to knock him out and put him on a stretcher. So we went on a tour with that in mind and he met us there by train when he could. We got to the first date when he had to fly. He got up that morning and the thing happened again, "I can't do it, man."

So we went on as a trio. Michael left. We sort of asked him to leave, you know. Not because we don't like him, we like him a lot and we miss him a lot, too. But he was losing interest musically and started to get Hawaii fever. He just wanted the bread and said he was going to quit after the publishing money came in this time. He just wanted to take his money and split. He was sick of the pressure and responsibility, although he didn't have much responsibility - he just had to show up on time. Also, he wasn't that good a drummer. He had a certain thing that was groovy, but technically he lacked a lot.

HP: Are you happy with Kevin as a replacement?

Roger: He's a better drummer than Michael, but...



HP: It's not the same?

Roger: Yeah. And Gram plays piano and guitar and sings. He's sort of up in the air now between the International Submarine Band and us. It depends on how their record does.

HP: Is the group tighter in personal appearances now?

Roger: Well, I'll answer that indirectly. We got a standing ovation for the first time at Michigan State and we got good reviews from Columbia and several other schools. Gram worked with us on this last tour and he was great. The audience loved him. He likes to work with us and we like to tour with him. I never had more fun than we had this last tour.

HP: Do you think that some of the group's problems were caused by the constant forced closeness of the members?

Roger: Well, the Africans have an expression, "Living with someone is like asking for a fight," or something like that. A group is even worse. You're boxed in when you're travelling - it's hard pressure.

HP: Can the group come back as strong as it once was?

Roger: I don't know. That's hard to do, you know. I think you make your initial statement and you're either accepted or rejected and we were accepted. Then it sort of tapers off. It's not ever as intense as when you had your first record. As far as staying power, though, I think we have it. I don't

know why exactly, but it's there. I think we can stick around at maybe the Peter, Paul and Mary level. As far as album sales now, we're almost in that bag. We're doing good album business.

HP: Are you happy with "The Notorious Byrd Brothers"?

Roger: There are two cuts I like on the first side, "Natural Harmony" and "Draft Morning." The others are, hmmm, you know, they don't really get me. "Going Back" was one of the reasons David left, because he didn't dig the song and he didn't want us to cut it and we wanted to cut it. He's on nothing on the first side. He's on "Change Is Now" singing harmony, "Old John Robertson" singing high harmony again, singing lead with Chris on "Tribal Gathering" and singing harmony on "Dolphin's Smile."

HP: "Artificial Energy" is a different sound for the Byrds.

Roger: It's a good strong track but we messed up the vocal. We did it electronically. We were trying for a hard sound, which we've never had. We sang it and then we took some kind of a gadget that some guy brought in that we rented for fifty bucks. You plug into it and it distorts but the voices came out more like Donald Duck than we wanted. The brass section was just studio cats and then we phased their stuff so it came out a little more soulful.

Our next album's going to consist of two whole records, twenty-two sides. The first half, I guess the first six, will

be bluegrass with banjo and stuff, and the second half will be modern country. Then we'll move to the (Moog) synthesizer with voice for the third quarter, lyrics with a synthesizer background. Then pure synthesizer for the last quarter, so it'll be a chronological structure, from old timey to modern to space age stuff. I play the synthesizer. It's like a bunch of jacks and oscillators and you've got your choice between square oscillation, sawtooth and so on. There's a keyboard and you can tune it to any musical note or sound - any sound at all, a dog barking or anything. We've already ordered one for our own use on stage.

HP: Are any other groups using Moog synthesizers on stage?

Roger: The United States of America is the only one I know of.

HP: What is your favorite Byrds' album?

Roger: I guess I like that one ("The Notorious Byrd Brothers"). The first one ("Mr. Tambourine Man") was pretty good - I liked that a lot. I like the one that's coming out. I think that the concept alone is good, and if we do it well...It'll be the first album that we've ever done that has any planned format or continuity beforehand.

HP: But "The Notorious Byrd Brothers" had a musical continuity.

Roger: But it was purely accidental. We didn't plan it that way - it was natural. I think the only continuity occurred in editing, the placement and the lead-in from one song to another. We sort of did it arbitrarily in about thirty-five seconds. Gary Usher (their producer) said, "Let's work on the order." He took a piece of paper and he said, "Let's start off with 'Artificial Energy' and then end up with, um, 'Space Odyssey,' okay?" And then he said, "Let's see, side one, what do you want to do? Okay, the last cut on side one, 'Get to You.'" Then he said, "'Goin' Back,'" then he had it all like that. And I looked at it and said, "Man!" And I'm sure he had no idea when he did it that it would come out the way it did. So it was a happy accident.

HP: Did you use a synthesizer on that album?

Roger: Yes. The first album we used it on was "Younger Than Yesterday."

HP: A number of your songs have been about space. Is there a reason for your involvement with the theme?

Roger: We're just science fiction nuts, interested in that. I dig the concepts. I don't read a lot of science fiction, but I dig it when I see it. I like Arthur C. Clarke.

HP: Is Chris happy with the present group?

Roger: Yeah, more or less. He's sort of sick of being a rock 'n' roll singer but if the group developed more of a country sound, he would dig that be-

cause that's more his bag.

HP: Why did you change your name from Jim to Roger?

Roger: I belong to the Subud, which is a spiritual organization, and they have this optional name change which you can get any time you want to. When we had our son, I named him James IV. Then we decided to send to Indonesia to find out what his real name was and it came back Patrick McGuinn. I thought, "Wow, that's a groovy name." That's a better name than I would have thought of. So I was curious to see what mine was and my wife and I both sent for our names. We got them and she was Ianthe, from Dolores, and I was Roger.

HP: What is the process of finding your name?

Roger: You send to the international Subud secretary in Djakarta, Indonesia, a post office box. You say who you are and you ask what your name should be. Then you get a letter back that suggests the first letter of the name and suggests that you make up ten names that you might like to have. So I made up weird names like Retro and Rex and others, and I put Roger in there. I liked Roger - I liked it better than the others. I sort of put down nine ridiculous ones and Roger - sort of picked my own. I liked it because it was like airplane talk, you know, "Roger." It had a very right, positive sound. So I got a letter back saying that my name was Roger.

HP: Early stories on the Byrds said that the group used to go to the airport to listen to the jets for inspiration. Are you still as interested in planes?

Roger: Well, we don't do that any more but we go down to the airport a lot anyway. I mean we used to go down before we were flying a lot and now we're flying a lot. But I love airplanes. I have one aircraft band radio that I listen to a lot.

HP: When did you shave off your beard?

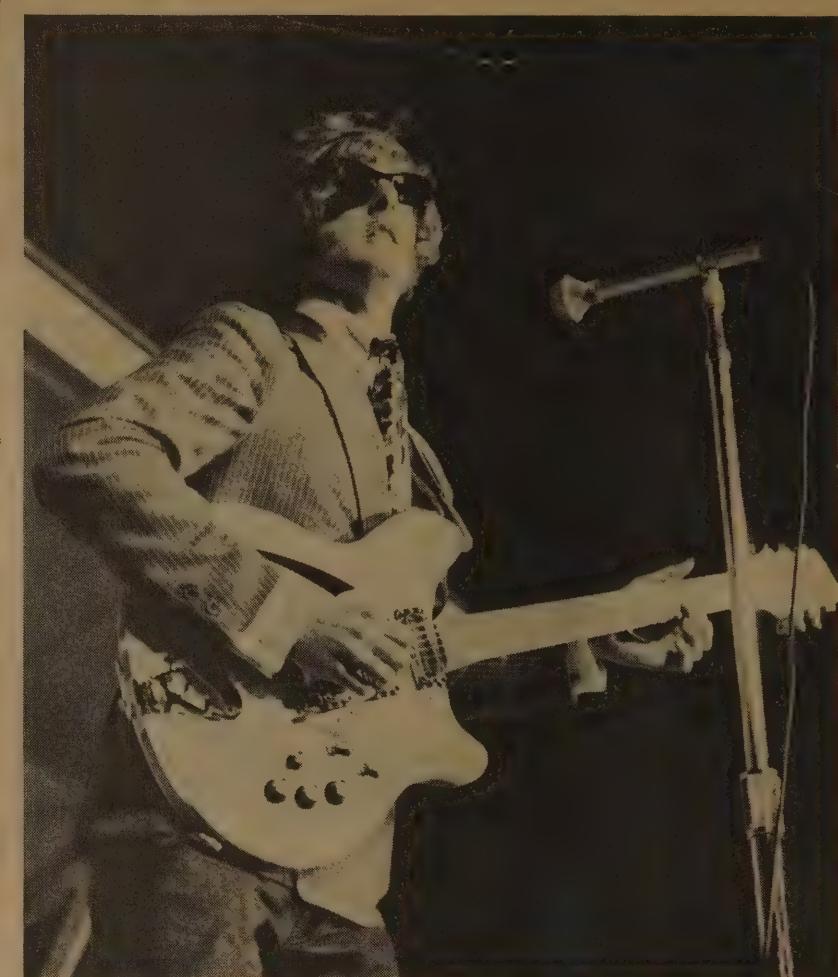
Roger: A few months ago. I shaved the bottom part off first and just had a mustache, and then I shaved the mustache off, for the next album, because it's been going progressively. I had no beard at all and then I had a full beard and then I had a mustache and now I'm not going to have a beard.

HP: During all the hassles within the group, did you ever consider becoming a solo performer?

Roger: I thought about it, but even if I did, I'd have to have a group with me.

HP: Do you think most groups undergo the problems the Byrds have?

Roger: Yeah. I think the Beatles went through it early, before they made it and I think almost all the groups I've seen are doing it. I just think the time for groups has passed. It's a little late to be a group. I wouldn't want to start



one now. I think it's like folk music was in '64. It was a little late to come out as a new folk singer because every kid in every college in the whole world was playing a guitar and singing things of his own composition. It amazes me that people are still starting groups now. People can still do things with them but it's so crowded now that even if you do something it's not really heard.

HP: Did you ever consider quitting performing and just recording?

Roger: It might be more fun that way, but performing supplies pocket money. It's a good source of cigarette money.

(Patrick at this point was talking more animatedly than anyone else in the room, but all his words sounded like variations of "Dog" - perhaps because he was sitting on the creature.)

"He has one syllable that he distorts for different meanings," Roger said. "Dog and dis and dat, you know. And he talks in strange syllables so you can't make them out. He's definitely saying something, but it's not intelligible to me."

"The dog is actually stuffed. She's animated, an electronic dog. Runs on two D cells. It's Chris' dog and he gave it to us when she had pups."

With Patrick monopolizing the conver-

sation in his individual fashion, the coffee gone and the questions running thin, Roger got up to demonstrate some of his electronic gadgetry.

First it was a small color television set which reacted with restless oscilloscopic circles when he plugged it into some classical music, then a screening of a video tape which Roger had produced as a newscast of the Red Chinese landing on the coast of Southern California, starring Roger as the announcer and Ianthe as a housewife interviewed for her reactions.

Roger really isn't a rock 'n' roll star in the sense of his song, but he once was. It was all a strange game and a lot of things happened, and maybe next year there will be one Byrd or eight. But he came through the experience calm and wise and open, happy on his hilltop with his family and his music. A week after the interview, the group went to Nashville and recorded nine songs of their next double album - the LP he says will be their best so far. It has to face some scary competition from its predecessors by the Byrds. □ Pete Johnson (Latest album/The Notorious Byrd Brothers - Columbia)

* Copyright 1966 by Tickson Music Co.



The Growing Mystique of TIM BUCKLEY

He doesn't talk very much and journalists are almost unanimous in their frustration of trying to get a word out of him. His presence is electric, almost disquieting, but he rarely says a word. He wrinkles his nose, flashes his eyes and contorts his mouth into a teasing scowl while he raises his eyebrows and creases his brow. When he smiles, his whole face crumples with mirth. But he rarely says a word to writers.

Friends describe him as shy, complicated and very uncomfortable with strangers. He changes his mind often--about everything--and is very hard to pin down. I saw literally hundreds of photographs of him at the Elektra publicity office, and he looks more at home in a serious visage than a smile. "That's because the photographers were strangers," I was told.

He stands, or more accurately, sways, on impossibly slender legs which seem devoid of inflexibilities. When he sits, which is most often on the floor in a corner, his arms and legs fall in a hap-

hazard tangle as if they were folded up and put away when not in use.

You could get lost in his face. The photos showed him in a variety of poses, moods and changes, but with all their diversity one gets the niggling feeling that something is missed, something is lost; much, it would seem, is misunderstood.

Buckley's intimate moments are on stage, and even then there is a paradoxical distance. He careens and weeps through elaborate poetic fugues, sometimes losing the words in the sound, writhing sensually behind an enormous Gibson 12-string. He sings in a passionate counter-tenor, skidding around the notes of a song as if possessed by the melodies...the songs, at times, seem to sing him. His eyes are nearly closed most of the time and when they open, briefly, for a contemplative moment they peer out from behind a jungle of dusky curls and recede. Aside from a few very glib introductions, he rarely says a word.

His mystique is not a staged or deliberate one; he's a uniquely gifted artist whose sensitivities run deep--so deep it would be almost fearful to reach bottom and unthinkable to come over the top.

He spent two weeks in a recording studio in New York last March and none of the material is going to be used. It seems to have been an extremely uptight time for all concerned. There were too many people around and there were hassles on the floor. The material, it was decided didn't suit him, or could it have been the other way around?

That was the historic week of the opening of Bill Graham's Fillmore East. He seemed to be under a strain, having to hold his fragile own surrounded by Big Brother and the Holding Company and the legendary bluesman, Albert King. But asking around in the audience, I found that a good portion of them had come primarily to see him. He took his own good time, as usual, tuning up and shuffling around the stage. Somebody



yelled from the balcony: "Sock it to us, Timmy baby!" He mugged a high sign and broke into a crinkly grin, the tattered marionette transformed into a goofy kid.

And then he began to sing, receding into his special tousled grace for the love songs, all sad and heartsick, some almost violently agonized, and his own brand of grim, gutsy California country-side blues. For a moment he turned his face off mike and trilled a riff of the melody with delirious abandon, a joyous ad lib for the moment, suspended, and somehow found his way back into the song. His musicians, the elegantly black

Carter C.C. Collins and bearded C/W guitarist Lee Underwood, fell in right behind him as if such wanderings were the most ordinary occurrence in the world.

At one point he took a backward glance and staggered into the light show, comically astonished, hopping around and shaking his head, laughing at his own burlesque, almost reluctant to return to the performance, obviously enjoying this enormous merry prank. He is slowly becoming a showman as well as a superlative performing artist, gradually letting the audience in. He is learning to trust himself.

But there was a new sadness in him throughout that performance beyond the delicate plaintiveness he embodies, a spark of uncommon resignation that played ever so slightly on his face which at times seems expressive in spite of himself. One wondered why he looked a little more forlorn this time around, a bit harried, a trifle weary and why his enormous eyes, traditionally misty were now decidedly clouded.

He's what I call a "give" performer, so what does he get back? Success? *Goodbye and Hello*, his second album, has sold over 75,000 by now, and the first album, *Tim Buckley*, according to Elektra "increases its modest momentum each week of its life." Appreciation? I have yet to see an audience leave a Buckley performance without the almost mystical breathlessness he inspires. Publicity? His clipping file weighs over five pounds.

He's 21 years old, he's about to be a star of monumental proportion. It scares him. He would leave soon for a 4-week tour of Europe. There were troubles at the studio. Somebody suggested domestic problems. He has been married, I am told; there is a child somewhere...

He once told an interviewer: The songs serve as sort of a diary. They are written about other people, sometimes for other people; a song is sometimes a present or a gift. I live for and with my music. It's the only thing that's real to me. We (Buckley and poet Larry Becket with whom he collaborates), are getting into a whole concept of songwriting where the lyrics won't be poverty stricken: they'll be seen through other eyes. When you are poor you see everything through self-pity."

His recent outburst of hostility about Elektra in the April HP is countered by his answer to a reporter from the Haverford (Conn.) News who asked him why he records for Elektra. "Nobody else would have me," he replied. And Elektra, in their press biography, asserts "We must disqualify ourselves as critics and reviewers, for when it comes to the subject of Tim Buckley, we must confess that we love him too much to be quite objective."

Which is not to imply that a performing and recording career, regardless of the label, is not inhumanly demanding. The recording sessions I refer to were held from one to five a.m. and he had to prepare for a major concert appearance in addition.

Tim Buckley walks on stage, slouches around his guitar and slings his guts against the wall. Somewhere in the audience a girl breaks down and weeps. I turn around and discover it is me.

I've got no cause for complaint if he rarely says a word. □ ellen sander (Latest album/ *Goodbye & Hello*-Elektra)

Kenny is a refreshing antidote to the "NOW!", "IN!", "TODAY!" hysterical gibberish which parroting P.R. men have crammed into the language. He is neither "now" nor "then," "in" nor "out," "today" nor "yesterday." He isn't rock or pop or folk or jazz, or any shotgun-wedding combination of these.

Keeny Rankin is simply good and talented and musical—and worth listening to, whatever your age bracket. If you prefer the genuine article to the ballyhoo, you'll like Kenny.

After recording singles for ten years with such companies as Decca, ABC-Paramount and Columbia, Kenny recently joined the Mercury label and the result has been his first album, "Mind Dusters" (SR 61141). He'll be the first one to admit he doesn't know what "Mind Dusters" means as far as the album is concerned. The title was the inspiration of

the record company but, since it sounds as if it means something, he's not unhappy with it.

"I was a little worried about the album," he admitted in Mercury's New York office, "but I'm proud of it. I know I must be into something. Mercury sent me a tape recorded for Christmas and that's the only thing I've ever gotten from a record company."

He recently concluded his first nightclub engagement at the Bitter End in New York's Greenwich Village, a club which has been the launching pad for a host of major talents, including Peter, Paul and Mary, Bill Cosby, Woody Allen, the Serendipity Singers, etc. Rankin seems on the verge of joining his illustrious predecessors.

An Interview With KENNY RANKIN



HP: One of the impressive things about your "Mind Dusters" album is the very tasteful handling of strings and orchestra.

Kenny: That's Artie Schroeck. We got along famously because he has a beautiful way of interpreting my communication

and coloring my colors. We laid down one track first, just my vocal and the guitar. Some of the songs we just added a bass. Then Artie took that basic tape and after living with it for a while, colored it all in with his big music pencil. He really did live with it, too, for one solid week before he star-

ted to orchestrate it. Artie's from Mars.

HP: Were you at all reluctant about releasing your album in the midst of hard rock stuff?

Kenny: I don't listen to the radio and I don't buy the trade papers, so I don't know what's going on too much. I like any kind of music if it gets to me. But a lot of the current stuff I've heard is a waste of time. Now the Mothers came out with an album called "We're Only In It For The Money." The way they're doing it is beautiful. I don't want to sound too presumptuous, but I've been in recording studios since I was seventeen. Now I'm twenty-eight, and I know a lot about the business. I've learned to qualify myself in the areas that only apply to me. I'm in a better position now to accept and reject things. I feel things more than I hear things. If a lyric or a musical note comes across to me then I work on it. Otherwise I reject it. So I really don't care about how my album fits in with what's going on. It came through to me and that's all that counts. Actually I do know about psychedelic music and freak lights and that's why I don't want to know about it. That part of the business is run by guys with bullet-proof ties who smoke cigars. They sit behind a desk and say, "We need a group with a couple of mustaches and blah blah." They're not in the business because they feel like it. They're doing it because they think that's what they should be doing. That's the epitome of hypocrisy. It's immoral. It's bad enough when we can't even get the truth from newspapers. Anything they can splash on a cover to sensualize the excitement of whatever they're into - and usually it's nothing they're into. I don't even bother to read the newspapers. In fact, I don't read at all. I never did.

HP: How could you live like that in New York City?

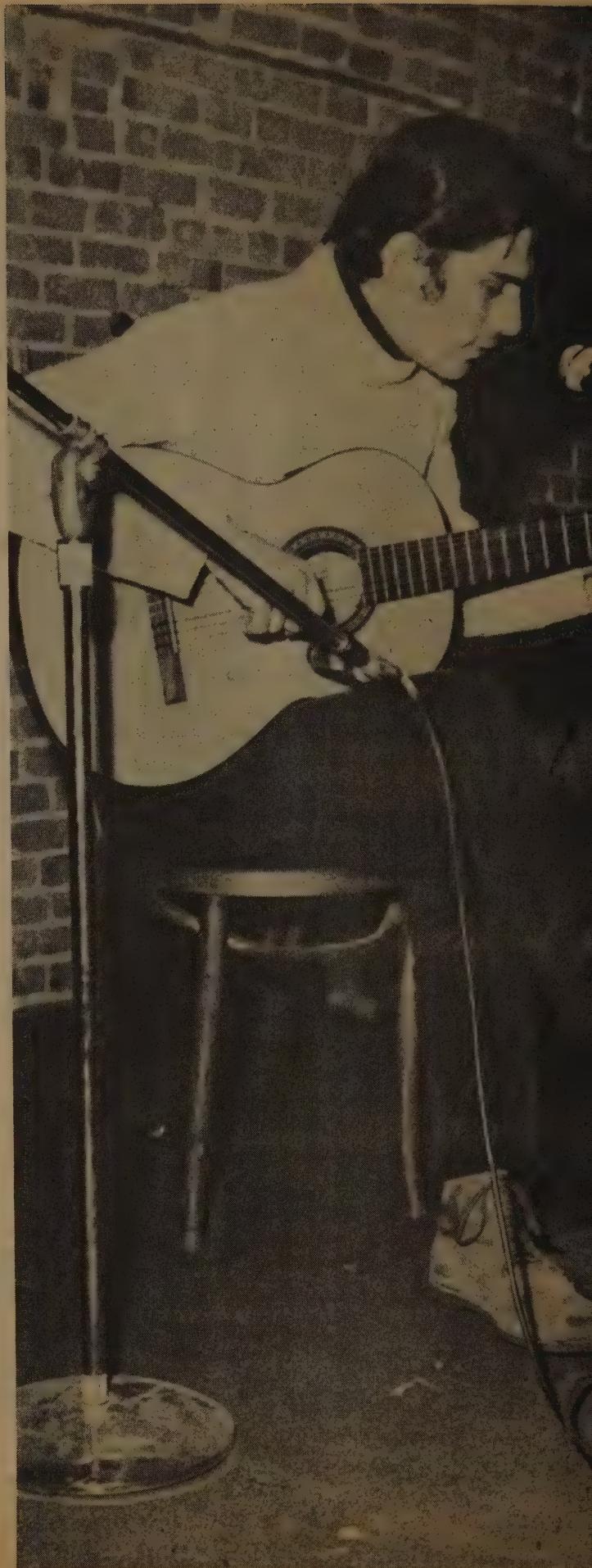
Kenny: I guess I'm appearing as a hermit. You see, I have a wife, three beautiful children and some friends that I love. I hang out with P.F. Sloan, Laura Nero and Larry Coryell. We avoid the electric circus type of stuff.

HP: Do you have any fears about living in the city?

Kenny: I have a son five years old and he covers me pretty good out on the street. That doesn't scare me as much as what's up in the government. My fear is that our destiny might be placed in irresponsible hands. I would like to build a tree house in upstate New York but that's not financially possible yet. Things are starting to get busy now, though, and once I get into the Lear jet bracket, I can commute. It's best for the kids. They don't even smoke and their lungs are probably black. I've been involved with lots of crooks in this business but the best thing that's happened to me since my kids is getting in with my managers, Jack Lewis and Monty Kaye. They're my managers, my producers and my friends. And they're people that I can trust. That's the most important thing. Feeling comfortable. Feeling is the main thing. You've got to feel that everything you do is right. To me this is the age of truth. It's the age of Larry Coryell, Gary Burton and Laura Nero.

HP: In that respect, do you feel we're on the verge of a romantic era?

Kenny: Either a romantic era or a total destruction. I haven't heard anybody say, "Our country, America" in an awful long time. There can't be romance on that gigantic scale if we don't have "our country" to hold on to. There doesn't seem to be too much romance today. The only big romantic thing I can feel is Donovan. He's just saying, "Well, I'm here right now and I'll make the best of it." I'm there in a sense, too, but I'm anticipating more because of my instinct as a parent.





HP: When did you start getting your ideas together that led you into this gentle direction?

Kenny: A couple of years ago, I was in France and saw what a beautiful ear for music the French people have. I didn't speak French and I couldn't understand the television programs, so I listened to a lot of music programs on the radio. I can only say it was very lovely. I had a beautiful experience when I met Vanessa Demerle, of Black Orpheus. What a beautiful man. He invited me to his home and we passed the guitar back and forth until dawn. The first thing that motivated me to sing and play a guitar was the music and voice of Joao Gilberto. At the time, I was only twenty-one years old, playing guitar and singing background in a rock and roll band. The first time I heard Gilberto, I quit the band immediately. We were playing twist music or something in Las Vegas. I came right back to New York, bought a folk guitar and got right into it. I haven't even danced since then, which bugs my wife because she enjoys it. My four-year-old daughter is showing me how, though, so I might get back into it.

HP: You must have been involved with a lot of studio work?

Kenny: Once in a while, when I knew the producer or I needed the money. I was on a Steve Lawrence session, and Tom Wilson, who used to produce Bob Dylan for Columbia, got me on the "Subterranean Homesick Blues" session. I think it's the first time I ever played electric guitar. I just played rhythm. I think he's very good. During those years, though, I was working for a music publisher learning what not to do. It made me decide to publish my own things.

HP: How did you choose "Come Away, Melinda" for your album?

Kenny: That's what I call a "protect" song. Being a father and a husband, that song reflects the experience of people after every war that ever was or ever will be. That's the way I felt that song.

HP: What was your childhood like?

Kenny: I didn't like school too much. I left when I was sixteen. I knew right from the beginning that I'd be in music even though I wasn't a public success. My heart beat with it as soon as I started to play guitar. I had only been playing guitar for a month and I wrote "My Carousel" with my wife, so I was confident right from the beginning. I wrote that for my son, Christopher, when I was twenty-two years old. The neighborhood I came from in Manhattan was filled with every race, creed and color. I was never really aware of those differences until the news media recently made me think of them. I grew up with all kinds of guys and I knew them all. The impersonal approach of the news media makes me sick. People are just people. My father was Jewish and my mother was Scotch Irish. I hung around with a light-skinned Puerto Rican and a dark-skinned Puerto Rican, a Negro, an Italian, and Tiny Tim lived two blocks away from us. We all grew up together and I identify with all of them. That's my whole childhood.

HP: Are you working on any new projects now?

Kenny: I've got a bunch of concerts coming up. And I'm putting together my second album. I'm going to have less orchestration this time because I want to get more of my guitar out front. Many times what I play on the guitar ends up as an arrangement for a string section. In many cases it doesn't satisfy me. But I don't think anybody can go into a studio and come out satisfied with the finished recording. I'm sure the Beatles listen to something later and think of the things they wished they had done. But it's already gone to press. □ Jim Delehant

When he left Missouri and came to Nashville two years ago, John Hartford could have become almost anything - a painter, a disc jockey, a deck hand on a Missouri river barge, a bearded bum in a cold, clattering freight car. In reality, he was a little bit of all those things. But today he is much more. As both performer and writer of songs like "Gentle On My Mind," he is a composite of human experience and emotion. The only way to capture the real John Hartford is to listen and listen carefully. John declares adamantly that he would rather express his world to a listening audience than to become a "big star." It is entirely probable that he will do both. What follows is his own story:

John Hartford

Nashville's New Guiding Light



The healthiest thing going on in the music scene now is the breaking down of barriers. It's even going on in Nashville, once a pure country-western area. For instance, rock and roll and country music are very rapidly coming closer. People are digging music for music's sake and are not getting hung up about what kind of music it is. I think it's beautiful.

I've had some difficulty in the East where people say, "Oh, he's from Nashville. Well, he plays country music." I don't know what I play and I don't really care. I pick a 5-string banjo which is the musical language that I tend to speak in. That's what is most natural for me. But, that doesn't necessarily mean I'm country or pop. I'm just me. All I'm trying to do is create a valid musical work of art.

I also play guitar, but something that is ecstatically pleasing as opposed to commercially pleasing or restricted to a certain bag. It may be a little harder that way to gain immediate acceptance but it's much more gratifying. I feel more honest with myself.

I think Bob Dylan going to Nashville to record "Blonde On Blonde" might have had something to do with the mixture of music. I don't know Dylan personally but I'm sure he feels that categories are irrelevant. There wasn't anybody telling him not to record in Nashville, so he did it and it was beautiful. For all we know, he might record in Akron, Ohio next week. It's not so much where you record as it is the music and the expression.

For instance, I was working a gig at a coffeehouse in Nashville, and the Byrds' road manager and one of the Byrds came over to hear me. They wanted to borrow a banjo for their recording session. I had one at the house, so I brought it down to the session the next morning. We started talking and jamming around and next thing I knew they wanted me to play on the session. I wound up playing banjo and fiddle on

one or two of the songs. It was pretty country but groovy - real old-time country soul stuff. To me that's where it's at in country music.

Before this all happened, I used to work as a DJ at a radio station in Southeast Missouri. At the same time I was doing some writing. I wasn't doing too well financially but I was getting by. I decided one day I'd starve just as easily down in Nashville, but I'd have a lot more fun doing it because there's so much music there.

As a DJ I was playing everything. I had a Top 40 show in the afternoon, a country show in the morning, a gospel show at noon time and read farm news. I did a little bit of everything.

I used to live in St. Louis. Then I went to Washington. I started out on my own, drifting around the country. So, I just packed up and moved to Nashville. I took a tape to a friend of mine who had a publishing company, and about six months later he called me up and asked me if I wanted to record for RCA Victor. I blew my mind and said yeah. We made an album, and six months later another album and another. We just made a fourth one that will be out in July. I write everything I record, and arrange everything I record. In fact, on most of the albums I have out, except for the rhythm section, I played all the instruments. I write my own liner notes and design the album covers too.

Everybody tries to categorize everybody. Anyone trying to appreciate somebody or trying to find out where they're at is going to categorize them. So I leave that up to somebody else. Even when they do categorize me, I don't pay much attention to it simply because I don't want to be restricted. It definitely lessens your chances for hitting a wider audience. The minute you're categorized, you're put in a pigeon hole and only reach a small slice of the audience.

At first, RCA Victor didn't know what I was. If anything, I was kind of country. They were very open-minded and beautiful about it. Now I understand I'm serviced from all fronts. So, you can't go wrong there.

My last single, "Big Blue Balloon," was strictly pop and I'm sure the next one will be too. It'll probably shift to pop and country. It's called "Shiny Rails Of Steel." It's kind of a railroad station song as well as a train song. It was just a feeling that came over me and I started writing it down.

When I write, I tend to think of my songs as word movies. My background is visual arts as well as musical arts. In fact, all my college training was in painting, visual arts. I tend to write pictures. I think of myself as painting a song. However, a painting is a still picture. A song, being a moving thing, would be a series of still pictures. The



song, "Shiny Rails of Steel," is a word movie of a guy in a big old desolate railroad station who's very aware of the things that contribute to making the station very damp and desolate.

I played every instrument on the session with the exception of drums and bass. I've got violins and the whole bit there. We did it by multiple recordings. We have an 8-track machine and I did one track, then I'd go back and do another, and work and work till I got what I wanted. It's really like painting in sounds. I like to work that way because I really feel I'm working in the medium of the phonograph record.

I think records ten years ago were cut in the medium of live performances. Records were restricted because performers were trying to recreate what they did live on records. Now they're recording records without thinking about having to do it live. They're doing it in the medium of the phonograph record.

The Beatles proved that. I loved "Sgt. Pepper." The Beatles are totally creative people—which is beautiful. They're probably one of the healthiest things happened to the music business.

I did a little of this type of complete instrumentation on my first three albums but not as extensive as my latest. My new album is more of a self-contained project than anything I've ever done.

I'm happiest when I'm in the studio round the clock, eating up dirty sandwiches, smoking cigarettes and work-

ing. My hair's hanging in my eyes, I need a shave but I'm as happy as a lark.

When I'm on stage, I have just a guitar or a banjo because then I'm not working in the medium of the phonograph record. I'm working in the medium of the stage, which is a completely different thing. If someone comes to one of my concerts, they're not going to hear my records. I usually don't even mention my records because I want the songs to stand by themselves.

The instrumentation I choose depends on the songs. Usually it's just me and the guitar, but for certain things I'll use another guitar player, bass, piano and drums. I like the freedom of working alone.

Like when I'm in the studio and I feel something coming up in the middle of a song, I can stop and take it in another direction. Maybe I'll do some arranging in the middle or splice two tapes together.

But I'm not the only one. I have Felton Jarvis, an A&R man, and Chuck Glazer, my publisher, in the studio quite often. They're my sounding board. Sometimes I get too close to what I'm doing and I need another opinion. I work closely with an engineer, too. He's a former rhythm and blues engineer from Chicago by the name of Tom Pick.

Tom is another fellow helping to break down the Nashville country image. People from all areas of music are moving down here and changing things. □

HIT PARADER

Attention, rockologists! This month's safari takes us to the wide-open spaces of the Great Southwest. Whereas the Northwest, its population grouped tightly along 150 miles of Highway 99, produced a tight, unified rock scene, the development of rock in the Arizona-New Mexico desert was a lot more segmented. But, like the Northwest, this area produced an instrumental sound that the whole country took to pretty strongly for a while. It also gave us some of the tastiest vocal sounds of the immediate post-Presley years in the late 1950's. And it produced, purely by accident, a little word that has come back to haunt the rockology of 1968 with its incredible vagueness. Have you heard? The word is Tex-Mex. In the latter half of this excursion we'll be contributing our two cents' worth to the bloody battles with which this word has enlivened recent pages of HIT PARADER.

Lubbock, Texas is a bustling place, in flat country not far from the New Mexico line. From there came the greatest rock artist we meet on our Southwestern journey through time. With one possible exception, he also was the first Southwestern artist to really make an impression in rock; certainly he was the first to make a really lasting impression. He also was easily the most accomplished of that welter of vocalists who appeared in Presley's footsteps in 1957 and 1958.

Buddy Holly came on gently. He wore glasses, even sometimes for album cover photos. His music had obvious roots in the Presley scene of blues-influenced C&W. But he didn't shout; there isn't much of Big Boy Crudup in him, as there was in Presley. There was more of a Latin feel of relaxed syncopation, though you really can't find much specific Mexican influence when you get right down to it. Holly's instrumental backup was much more consistent, and more closely integrated with his vocals than was Presley's. On most of Holly's records all you hear is guitar, an unusual thing in that saxy era. Generally there are two guitars, lead lines against a rhythm guitar which was mostly strumming, often in "Latin" rhythm.

Vocally, Holly was quieter, and a bit more nasal, more strictly "country" in quality than were Presley and such of his followers as Gene Vincent. He shared their characteristic device of breaking up syllables by injecting consonants into the midst of them, so that "well" became "wa-hell," and "baby" was "bay-hay-bee." But he handled melodic things differently. Whereas Presley, on a pretty tune like "Love Me Tender," was apt to go into an exaggerated Bing Crosby croon, Holly sang the pretty things straight out in a more country-western approach.

At first Holly's records were



Buddy Holly



Buddy Knox (center)



The Fireballs



The Champs

sold as straight country-western, on Decca. His early Deccas made in 1955-56 (collector's items today) contain oddly enough, some of the most rock-sounding work he ever did. One tune, "Modern Don Juan," stands out especially as a sexy delivery in blues style, with lots of guitar that still sounds decent today. In 1957 a new recording deal happened, with Holly recording for two of Decca's subsidiaries simultaneously - on Coral, as a solo, and on Brunswick as lead singer of a vocal group called The Crickets. Both operations were aimed at the burgeoning rock market rather than at the country market.

Success came pretty fast on both fronts. From the summer of 1957 until his death in February, 1959, Holly produced a double quota of consistent hits. With the Crickets: "That'll Be The Day," "Maybe, Baby," "Oh Boy" (the B side of which was "Not Fade Away," later of Stones' renown). On his own: "Peggy Sue," "Heartbeat," "Words of Love," "Early In The Morning." Just before his death he made another record in which, following the trend of the day, the languid, funky guitar sound was replaced by a very uptowny string section - "It Doesn't Matter Anymore." Many of Holly's songs were, incidentally, co-written by one Norman Petty, whom we shall encounter again shortly.

Holly went down with Big Bopper and Ritchie Valens on that cold day in 1959, on his way to play a show in Fargo, N.D. (Dion and the Belmonts, who took a bus to the date, are still with us.) But at West Texas State College, in Canyon, Texas (near Amarillo), a group called The Rhythm Orchids had meanwhile produced two vocalists who for a while were hot on Holly's trail. "Party Doll" by Buddy Knox and "I'm Stickin' With You" by Jim Bowen first appeared back-to-back on the Triple-D label. Roulette Records, which bought the masters, issued the two separately, but confusion crept in occasionally: "My Baby's Gone," issued as by Knox, was actually sung by Bowen. Both started with Holly's basic sound. Knox, the more successful of the two, made it a bit lighter and prettier; Bowen's voice was deeper and more romantic. Both took the sound ever so slightly closer to the general pop mainstream, away from that back-country twang that still bloomed in Holly's work.

The Crickets hung on for a while after Holly's death, and in the early 1960's the late Bobby Fuller (from El Paso) showed fine country-rock form, especially on his earlier records for the Yucca label.

But our safari swings west now, to the blooming oasis of Phoenix. In 1956, right on the heels of "Heartbreak Hotel," a small label in this city produced the "possible exception" to Holly's primacy mentioned earlier.



Ritchie Valens



Duane Eddy

This was Sanford Clark. Clark's "The Fool," taken over by Dot Records, was one of the really heavy records of 1956. Its repeated guitar riff, quite similar to one Howlin' Wolf recorded earlier that same year ("Smokestack Lightning") helps make "Fool" a fairly modern-sounding record. Like Holly's work, it was gentle, and featured guitars only in the backup; no saxes.

Unfortunately, Sanford Clark couldn't quite keep the hits coming, so the Phoenix story picks up again a year and a half later, when a young man who

had played guitar on some of Clark's records became, lo and behold, the first rock guitarist to make a nationwide record name for himself purely as an instrumentalist. Duane Eddy and his Twangy Guitar could play some pretty respectable twangy blues, as several B-sides show ("Three-Thirty Blues" and later "Joshin"). But he made his pile on little major-key melodies which he would play over and over on his bass strings, while the backup group (with prominent sax) continually got more and more frantic. Usually the build would be helped along

by changing the key up a half step between choruses, a rather corny-sounding device to 1968 ears, admittedly. "Rebel Rouser," his first smash set the pattern for many to follow; also very big was "The Lonely One," more melodic and less raucous than usual. Like the Northwest groups, Eddy's records had a considerable influence on the surf bands of a couple years later. And they also marked the road to success for one of today's most successful record producers, Lee (Nancy Sinatra) Hazelwood.

Going back now to the Buddy

Holly scene, we discover that Holly likewise served as a springboard for a present-day record producer. Norman Petty, the man who co-wrote a lot of Holly's tunes, set himself up about 1959 in Clovis, New Mexico with a recording studio and an independent production deal. He quickly got himself an instrumental group called The Fireballs, who quickly cooked him up a good-sized national hit called "Torquay." While this was very much in what was considered hard-rock style at the time — no violins, no vocal group, no plumply vocalist, and

(continued on page 52)

THE ROLLING STONES

Back On The Rampage



Those of you who have followed my series of word-by-word battles with the Rolling Stones may have been disappointed to read in the last episode how our anti-heroes appeared to have mellowed. But now is the time for reporters with faint hearts to run for the shelter of a nice "safe as milk" inter-

view with Dave Clark — for the news in that abnormal service has now been resumed. The Stones are rampaging again!

Straight into the jaws of the "Jaggerwock" I ran when attending a "Rolling Stones Rehearsal" in a small private recording studio in Surrey. Out-

side the studio and guarding the doors were Stu, all-round road manager, and tour manager Tom Keylock, who greeted me again after some fourteen months by removing the upper portion of his jaws, containing five new teeth. (Originals were lost in action during 1967, while defending Lewis Brian Jones

on stage in Athens!)

Inside the studio were three of the Stones - Keith Richard, Charlie Watts and Mick Jagger (on guitar) - going at it several hundred watts per second while a flower-child wilted in time to the music, cross-legged on the floor. Bill Wyman and Brian Jones were conspicuously absent.

Mick was apparently suffering from a mental hangover after listening to Trogg Reg Presley being interviewed on the radio recently. Every now and then he would burr to a question he found embarrassing: "Ooh, arr, but oi'd rather live in Andover!" in mimicking tones.

Was this rehearsal a prelude to the Rolling Stones making more live appearances? Is Mick to play guitar on stage?

"Oh yes," smiled Mick sweetly, "We are hoping to make several live appearances shortly from our wheel-chairs. In fact, I think you can safely say that live appearances are a big thing of the future. No, of course, I don't want to play a guitar - I want to go on stage and do all that leaping about, don't I?"

"No - we're rehearsing because we've forgotten how to do it. We've forgotten how to put the plugs in the amplifier. We're just having a good time rehearsing."

Filling in the gaps elsewhere, I ascertained that Mick has been playing guitar now for almost nine months and, from what I heard, is making creditable progress. The group has been using Mick as a guitarist with both Brian and Keith, and with the combined sound of all three going, it is enough to blow any other group off the stage.

Keith Richard, in a violent purple suit, had also adopted his best "being-interviewed" manner and to the question, "Have you written many new songs?" replied: "In fact we have!"

Was Jimmy "Gentleman" Miller - also in the studio - to be the producer on their next single and album?

"In fact, he is," agreed Keith.

Brian Jones was not there, was he? "In actuality he is not," agreed Keith. "He is in Paris, celebrating his birthday."

Why was Bill Wyman not there?

"He's got a bad leg," suggested Mick. "What about this rumor of a world tour?

"As soon as Bill's leg gets better...." said Mick, adding in a DJ voice, "And at this time we would like to play a record for Bill Wyman who is in St. Stephen's Infirmary with a broken knee...."

Why had the Stones decided on Jimmy Miller, who produces Traffic, to be their record producer, when previously they had done all the work themselves?

"It's very hard on the legs," said Keith. "You have to keep running from the control room to the studio. And besides, the lead on my amplifier isn't long enough."

Mick became a little more forthcoming. "I liked the work that Jimmy did on the early Spencer Davis recordings; 'Gimme Some Lovin'' and on Nirvana Spooky Toooth and the 'Chris Blackwell Experience.' Most of the producers I know are on some weird kind of ego trip - he is not."

Both Mick and Keith felt that with Jimmy's assistance they could have a new LP ready in a much shorter time.

Were they satisfied with the sales of the last album and why had they re-

leased a single, "She's A Rainbow," in America but not in Britain?

"How many did it sell? I don't know," said Mick. "I never count them. Anyway, we didn't want to release a track off the album as a single in Britain because the two or three hundred people who bought the album would have already got 'She's A Rainbow.' We want to give them value for money."

Had Mick heard Bill Wyman's composition, "Shades Of Orange," which has been recorded by the End?

"Lady Madonna?" asked Mick. "Yes, I've heard it. It's great."

"No," I replied, the best straight man in the business, "Bill Wyman's single - 'Shades of Orange,' which he produced for the End."

"Bob Dylan," said Keith, "Yeah-great number."

But what about Bill Wyman?

"The Byrds?" queried Mick. "Yeah, they're great too."

You don't have to hit me with a brick - I know when someone does not want to talk about Bill Wyman's single he produced for the End. But we got the plug in, didn't we, Bill? "What about Mother Earth?" I asked, referring to Mick's independent label, which he is hoping to launch.

"Yes, her single's coming out soon," agreed Mick. "Really, I didn't want anyone to know about Mother Earth until we had had time to get it off the ground but a lot of people started shooting their mouths off too soon." A few straight words from Jimmy Miller might help sober the situation I thought, and so was he pleased to be producing the Stones?

"I'm delighted," agreed Jimmy. "The





idea of me being down here with the Stones while they are rehearsing is much the same policy as I adopted with Traffic in the seclusion of their country cottage. You get to know and feel the music that they are making. You become one of them, which not only makes for a feeling of brotherhood and love, but also keeps you in sympathy with the ideas.

"It saves a lot of time and misunderstanding in the recording studio later."

Meanwhile Mick was "burring" on about "Andover!" Was Mick of the opinion that rock and roll would come back? Were any of their future numbers to be influenced this way?

"WADDYA MEAN?" snarled Mick in a loud voice. "We of the Luton Rock and Roll Appreciation Society contend it's never disappeared. It's all rock and roll isn't it?"

Perhaps Charlie would like to say a few words? "Go on then," offered the usually silent drummer, "but whatever you ask me, I bet I can't answer it."

With all the other Stones attempting film scores and independent record production, was Charlie doing anything on his own?

"I knew it. That's beautiful. I knew I wouldn't be able to answer it. No - of course not - you must be joking. I couldn't produce a record."

Jagger by this time has almost collapsed double with suppressed mirth and thinks I ought to mention how he is going to Indian shortly to record the High Commissionnaire.

"It's possible but then it's no good me shooting my mouth off way before anything is likely to happen. It just looks silly if things break down. You may have noticed the Rolling Stones' film" said Mick. "Coming shortly," interposed Keith.

And so ended another good clean fight. This was their contest on a majority decision. I must get back into training again—perhaps an interview with "Them" might help. □ keith altham

WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

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•YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY

(As recorded by the Ohio Express/
Buddah)

**A. RESNICK
J. LEVINE**

Yummy, yummy, yummy
I've got love in my tummy
And I feel like I'm lovin' you
Love you such a sweet thing
Good enough to eat thing
And it's just what I'm gonna do.

Ooh love to hold ya
Ooh love to kiss ya
Ooh love I love it so
Ooh love is sweeter, sweeter than sugar
Ooh love I won't let you go.

Yummy, yummy, yummy
I've got love in my tummy
And I'm silly as a gummy machine
The lovin' that you're givin' is what
keeps me livin'
And your love is like peaches and cream.

Kinda like sugar, kinda like spices
Kinda like life with you too
Kinda sounds funny
But I love honey
And honey I love you
Ba da ba da ba dadada da da da.
Yummy, yummy, yummy
I've got love in my tummy
That your love won't satisfy
Love you such a sweet thing
Good enough to eat thing
And a sweet thing that ain't no lie.

I love to hold ya
I love to kiss ya
Oh love I love it so
Oh love is sweeter
Sweeter than sugar
Oh love I won't let you go
Ba da ba da da da da da da.

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•FRIENDS

(As recorded by The Beach Boys/
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON
CARL WILSON
DENNIS WILSON
AL JARDINE**

We've been friends now for so many years,
We've been together through the good
times and the tears
Turned each other on to the good things
That life has to give
We drifted apart for a little bit of a spell,
One night I get a call and I know that
you're well
And days I was down, you would help
me get out of my hole.

Let's be friends,
Let's be friends,
Let's be friends.

We've been friends now for so many
years,
We've been friends now for so many
years.
We've been together through the good times
and the tears
Dim dip a lee, dim dip a lie
Dim dip a lou, dim deio.

You told me when my girl was untrue,
I loaned you money when the funds
weren't too cool
I talked your folks out of making you
cut off your hair
We drifted apart for a little bit of a spell,
One night I get a call and I know that
you're well
And days I was down, you would help
me get out of my hole.

Let's be friends,
Let's be friends,
Let's be friends.

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•WE'RE ROLLING ON

(As recorded by The Impressions/
ABC)

CURTIS MAYFIELD

People get ready
I've got good news for you
How we got over
Like we're all supposed to do
Let us all say amen and together
we'll clap our hands
Cause we're rolling on, we're rolling on,
we're rolling on, we're rolling on.

The road is hard to find
And it's hard to climb
But we cannot stop until we've reached
that mountain top
We've been trying, chile, so hard
But it takes a little time
Brothers and sisters don't you worry
You'll get yours and I'll get mine
And we'll all say amen
And together we'll clap our hands
Cause we're rolling on, we're rolling on,
we're rolling on, we're rolling on.

The road is hard to find
And it's hard to climb
But we cannot stop until we've reached
that mountain top
Rolling on, rolling on
The road is hard to find
And it's hard to climb
But we cannot stop until we've reached
that mountain top
We're rolling on, we're rolling on.

Brothers and sisters, we're rolling on
The road is hard to find
And it's hard to climb
But we cannot stop until we've reached
that mountain top.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• LIKE TO GET TO KNOW YOU

(As recorded by Spanky & Our Gang/
Mercury)

STEWART SCHAFER

Yes I would like to get to know you
if I could
Like to get to know you
Finally I found, searching all around
just was not the answer
One I thought was true
Looked a bit like you
Figured I might chance her
Hardly need to say

She went on her way
Said it was all over
Well it's been some time
And I guess that I'm just meant to be
a rover.

Now I can't promise that I'll spend
a day with you
Can't promise that I'll find a way with
you
Can't promise no
I can't promise that I'll love you
But I'd like to get to know you
Yes I would if I could.

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• I COULD NEVER LOVE ANOTHER (After Loving You)

(As recorded by The Temptations/
Gordy)

**NORMAN WHITFIELD
BARRET STRONG
ROGER PENZEBENE**

Girl, I can't believe my ears
Are you really telling me goodbye
See you're really taking away my reason
for living
And you won't even tell me why
Before you walk out the door
There's something I want you to know
That I could never love another after
loving you
No other love would I share
Because none could compare after
loving you.

It was only yesterday
Your words were still fresh in my mind
Baby you said long as the rivers flow
Each day you'd love me more
Now you want to leave me behind
Listen baby, I don't know what it's gonna
take to make you stay
I just know I got to find a way
'Cause I could never, never ever love
another after loving you
No other love would I share

'Cause none could compare after loving
you.

So baby, please stay beside me
I need your sweet love to guide me
Oh baby, baby, baby

I could never love another after loving
you
I could never love another after loving
you

Baby, baby, baby it was only, only,
only, only yesterday

Your words were still fresh in my mind
I remember, you said long as the rivers
flow

Each day you'd love me more

Now you want to leave, leave me behind
Listen baby, I don't know what it's

gonna take to make you stay
I just know I've got to find a way

'Cause I could never, never, never love
another after loving you

No other love would I share

'Cause none, none could compare after
loving you

Oh baby on my bended knees
I'm beggin' you to stay here with me

Oh baby, baby, baby

I could never, never love another after
loving you

No other love would I share

'Cause none could compare after loving
you.

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• SHOO-BE-DOO-BE-DOO-DA-DAY

(As recorded by Stevie Wonder/Tamia)

**HENRY COSBY
SYLVIA MOY
STEVIE WONDER**

Your precious sweetheart
She's so faithful
She's so true, oh yeah
Her dreams are tumblin'
Her world is crumblin'
Because of you ah ha
One day you'll hurt her
Just once too much
And when you finally lose your tender
touch
Hey, hey, shoo be doo be doo de doo
da day
Her feet may wander
Her heart may stray, oh yeah
Shoo be doo be doo da day
Your gonna send your baby straight to
me.
I'm gonna give her all the lovin' within
my heart, oh yeah

I'm gonna patch up every single little
dream you tore apart, understand me
And when she tells you
She's cried her last tear
Heaven knows I'm gonna be somewhere
near, oh yeah
Shoo be doo be doo da day
Her feet may wander
Her heart may stray baby
Shoo be doo be doo da day
Love's gone
Send your baby straight to me
Yeah, hum yeah.

You better listen to me, yeah yeah
Heartaches are calling
Tears are falling because of you
Hey yeah and when you're gone you'll
know I'm the one to go to her rescue
Baby you don't know that then
You're gonna leave her once too many
times
And when you come back

That girl's gonna be mine all mine
Hey, hey shoo be doo be doo da day

Her feet may wander
Her heart may stray, yeah yeah
Shoo be doo be doo da day

Love's gone
Send your baby straight to me, hey hey

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• IF I WERE A CARPENTER

(As recorded by The Four Tops/
Motown)

TIM HARDIN

If I were a carpenter would you marry
me anyway
Would you have my baby
If a tinker were my trade would you still
love me
Carrying the parts I made, following
behind me.

Save my love through loneliness
Save my love for sorrow
I've given you my ownliness
Come and give me your tomorrow.

If I worked my hands in wood, would
you still love me.
Answer me baby, yes I would, I'd put
you above me
If I were a miller at a mill-wheel grinding
Would you miss your colored box, your
soft shoe shining.

Save my love through loneliness
Save my love for sorrow
I've given you my ownliness
Come and give me your tomorrow.
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• SHE'S LOOKIN' GOOD

(As recorded by Wilson Pickett/
Atlantic)

RODGER COLLINS

Hey look-a here
You got the kind of lovin'
Makes a man lose his mind
Got that little something that makes
me know that you're mine
You're looking good
You're looking so good
You're looking good
Just like I knew that you would.

When you call my name baby
You call me Mr. Clean
I'm gonna give you lovin' that you
ain't never seen
You're looking good
You're looking so good
You're looking good
Just like I knew that you would.

When you wear your wigs baby
You wear your dressed tight
You wear your foxy fur baby
When you step out late at night
You're looking good
You're looking so good
You're looking good
Just like I knew that you would.

Momma get your mojo
Papa get your gun
I'm gonna steal your daughter
I'm gonna be your son
You're looking good
You're looking so good
She's looking good
Just like I knew that you would.

All right, all right
You make me walk right
Make me talk right
You make me holler, hey, hey, hey
She makes me feel good
She makes me feel good.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY BABY

(As recorded by Bobby Vinton/Epic)

KING GOFFIN

My tears are fallin'

'Cause you've taken her away
And though it really hurts me so
There's something that I gotta say
Take good care of my baby
Please don't ever make her blue
Just tell her that you love her
Make sure you're thinking of her
In everything you say and do
Ah, take good care of my baby
Now, don't you ever make her cry
Just let your love surround her
Bring rainbows all around her
Don't let her see a cloud in the sky
Once upon a time
That little girl was mine

If I'd been true

I know she would never be with you
So take good care of my baby
Be just as kind as you can be
And if you should discover
That you really don't love her
Just send my baby back home to me.

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• BROOKLYN ROADS

(As recorded by Neil Diamond/Uni)

NEIL DIAMOND

If I close my eyes
I can almost hear my mother
Calling Neil, go find your brother
Daddy's home and it's time for supper
hurry on
And I see two boys
Racing up two flights of staircase
Squirming into papa's embrace
And his whiskers warm on their face
Where's it gone, where's it gone.

Two floors above the butcher
First door on the right
And life filled to the brim
As I stood by my window and looked
out on roads, Brooklyn roads.

I can still recall smells of cookin' in the
hallways
Rubbers dryin' in the doorways
And report cards I was always afraid
to show 'em
Mama'd come to school
And as I sit there softly cryin'
Teacher'd say he's just not tryin'
Got a good head if he'd apply it
But you know yourself
It's always somewhere else.

I'd build me a castle
With dragons and kings
I'd ride off with them
As I stood by my window and looked
out at roads, Brooklyn roads.

Thought of going back
But all I'd see are strangers faces
And all the scars that love erases
But as my mind walks through those
places
I'm wondering what's come of them
The sight of a young boy
Coming home to my room
Does he dream as I did as he stands by
my window and looks out on roads,
Brooklyn roads, Brooklyn roads.

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• I CAN REMEMBER

(As recorded by James & Bobby Purify/Bell)

MYRNA MARCH
GARY ILLINGWORTH
RICHIE GRASSO

I can remember not too long ago
I couldn't find my way
I didn't know of a place to go
Then you came along one day
And now with you here to guide me
To stay close beside me
And fill all my hours with play
I'm gonna trade in my sorrow
For each bright tomorrow
And throw all my worries away.

I can remember not too long ago
I wanted to run away
While I was looking for a place to go
I found you that day
And now with you here to guide me
To stay close beside me
And fill all my hours with play
I'm gonna trade in my sorrow
For each bright tomorrow
And throw all my worries away.

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• MRS. ROBINSON

(As recorded by Simon & Garfunkel/Columbia)

PAUL SIMON

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know
Woo, woo, woo
God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.
We'd like to know a little bit about you
for our files

We'd like to help you learn to help
yourself
Look around you, all you see are
sympathetic eyes
Stroll 'round the grounds until you feel
at home

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know
Woo, woo, woo
God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

Hide it in a hiding place where no one
ever goes
Put it in your pantry with your cupcakes
It's a little secret just the Robinson's affair
Most of all you got to hide it from the
kids

Coo coo ca choo Mrs. Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know
Woo, woo, woo
God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

Sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon
Going to the candidate's debate
Laugh about it, shout about it
When you've got to choose
Every way you look at it you lose
Where have you gone Joe DiMaggio
A nation turns its lonely eyes to you
(oo oo oo)

What's that you say Mrs. Robinson
Joltin' Joe has left and gone away
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.
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• WEAR IT ON OUR FACE

(As recorded by The Dells/Cadet)

BOBBY MILLER

We're falling in love my darling
With all our heart and soul
Let's put our love somewhere for the
whole world to behold
Love like I have must have a special
place
I gotta find some baby
Let's wear it on our face.

Love is bubbling over baby, flowing
everywhere
Our hearts can't hold no more
It's got to go somewhere
Love like I have must have a special
place
I gotta find some baby
Let's wear it on our face.
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• AIN'T NOTHING LIKE THE REAL THING

(As recorded by Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell/Tamia)

ASHFORD
SIMPSON

Oh baby ain't nothing like the real thing,
baby
Ain't nothing like the real thing
No no, ain't nothing like the real thing
baby
Ain't nothing like the real thing
No, honey.

I've got your picture hangin' on the wall
But it can't see or come to me when I
call your name
I realize it's just a picture in a frame.

I read your letters when you're not near
But they don't move me or they don't
groove me like when I hear
Your sweet voice whispering in my ear
Don't you know ain't nothing like the
real thing, baby
Ain't nothing like the real thing.

I play my game of fantasy
I pretend but I know in reality
I need the shelter of your arms to comfort
me
No other sound is quite the same as
your name
No touch can do half as much to make
me feel better
So let's stay together.

I've got the memories to look back on
Though they help when you're gone
I'm well aware nothing can take the
place of you being there
So glad we got the real thing baby
So glad we got the real thing
Ain't nothing like the real thing baby
Ain't nothing like the real thing
Talk to me
Ain't nothing like the real thing baby
Ain't nothing like the real thing.
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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

•BABY MAKE YOUR OWN SWEET MUSIC

(As recorded by Jay & The Techniques/
Smash)

SANDY LINZER
DENNY RANDELL

Baby make your own sweet music
Baby make your own sweet music
Take the lovin' feelin'
Add some kissin' to it
Mix it in your heart and you'll
be dancin' on the ceilin' to it
Baby, baby you gotta make your own
music.

You gotta let it groove inside ya
Ya only need your soul to guide ya
And make me wanna play it with ya
Baby, baby the melody of love is in
ya

Just open up your heart and listen
Don't wait to hear the beat you're
missin'
Baby make your own sweet music
Take the strings of your heart
And let me show ya
How to use it
I could teach you the part every night
And we could use it
Play-in out the music
Oh baby, baby I'm weepin' every night
without ya
Don't wait to hear an organ playin'
Baby make your own sweet music.

Take the strings of your heart
And let me show you
How to do it
I can teach ya the part every night
And we could use it
Play-in out the music
Oh baby, baby I'm weepin' every night
without ya
I love ya, won't ya please believe me
I'll make you never want to leave me
With every burnin' kiss I give ya
Baby make your own sweet music.
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•THE HAPPY SONG (Dum Dum)

(As recorded by Otis Redding/Volt)

OTIS REDDING
STEVE CROPPER
Gonna sing this song y'all
Singin' it for my baby
She's the only one can bring me joy
That's why I sing these happy songs
They go dum dum dedle dee dum dum
Dum dum dedle dede dum dum
Dum dum dedle dede dum dum
Come on now happy song, happy
song now.

On a cold, rainy, windy night
She shut all the doors
She cut off the lights
She holds me and squeezes me tight
She tells me Big O everything's all right
And I go dum dum dedle dee dum dum
Play it again dum dum dedle dee dum
dum
Come on now those happy songs, happy,
happy songs.

Come on now
Bring my breakfast to the table
When I go to work she knows I'm able
Do my job, I come back in
You oughta see my baby's face
She just grins, grins, grins
I go dum dum dedle dee dum dum
Play it again dum dum dedle dee dum
dum
Sing them happy songs
Lovely, lovely songs
Sweet soul songs
Those good old happy songs
Give you such a feeling
A lovely, lovely, feeling
Makes you wanna shout
It knocks you, knocks you out
Happy, happy songs
Those good old lovely songs
Those sweet soul music songs.
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•A TRIBUTE TO A KING

(As recorded by William Bell/Stax)
BOOKER T. JONES
WILLIAM BELL

Listen people, listen
I'm gonna sing you a song
About a man who lived good
But didn't live too long
He was born in Macon, Ga.
A poor boy without a dime
He found his way to Memphis singing
"These Arms Of Mine"
Otis, Otis Redding was his name
Without his soulful singing
This old world won't be the same

Now he traveled on to Frisco, New York
and the Bronx
Everywhere he sang the people would
applaud
One day he left Ga.
Wisconsin bound
But he didn't get to sing that night
The plane he was in went down
Otis, Otis Redding was his name
Without his soulful singing this old
world won't be the same.

He was a soul music singer
The king of the Memphis sound
It makes me feel so sad
Cause now he ain't around
He died with his guitar
Close to his hands
But his soul lives on today
In the heart of a million fans
Talkin' about Otis, Otis Redding was
his name
Without his soulful singing this old
world won't be the same.

Otis, Otis Redding was his name
His picture oughta be hung in the Music
Hall Of Fame
Otis, he was known as Big O
Otis, we're gonna miss him so
Otis, oh yeah we're gonna miss him so.
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•MY GIRL - HEY GIRL

(As recorded by Bobby Vee/Liberty)
ROBIN-WHITE
GOFFIN-KING

I've got sunshine on a cloudy day
And when it's cold outside
I've got the month of May
I guess you'd say
What can make me feel this way
My girl, talkin' 'bout my girl, my girl.

Hey girl I want you to know
I'm gonna miss you so much if you go
Please don't go
And hey girl I'll tell you no lie
Something deep inside of me is going
to die
If you say so long
I've got so much honey
The bees envy me
I've got a sweeter song baby
Than the birds in the trees
I guess you'd say
What can make me feel this way
My girl, talkin' 'bout my girl, my girl.

Hey girl now don't put me on
What's gonna happen to me when
you've gone
How will I live
How can I go on, how can I go on
Hey girl, hey girl.
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•DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE

(As recorded by Dionne Warwick/
Scepter)

HAL DAVID

BURT BACHARACH

Do you know the way to San Jose
I've been away so long
I may go wrong and lose my way
Do you know the way to San Jose
I'm goin' back to find some peace of
mind in San Jose
L.A. is a great big freeway
Put a hundred down and buy a car
In a week maybe two they'll make you
a star
Weeks turn into years
How quick they pass
And all the stars that never were
Are parking cars and pumping gas.

You can really breathe in San Jose
They've got a lot of space
There'll be a place where I can stay.
I was born and raised in San Jose
I'm going back to find some peace of
mind in San Jose
Fame and fortune is a magnet
It can pull you far away from home
With a dream in your heart
You've never alone
Dreams turn into dust and blow away
And there you are without a friend
You park your car and right away
I've got lots of friends in San Jose
Do you know the way to San Jose
Can't wait to get back to San Jose.
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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

•MAY I TAKE A GIANT STEP

(As recorded by The 1910 Fruitgum Co./Buddah)

ELLIOT CHIPRUT

I remember how it started
On a sunny summer day
I was looking out my window
All the kids were out to play.

Then she said hey, let's play may I
Out into the street I came
Ever since that sunny morning
Nothing has ever been the same.

May I take a giant step into your heart
May I give you love and sweet affection
May I take a giant step
So that you will come into my dreams
May I take a giant step into your heart.

Though I may be getting older
May I's still my favorite game
Girl I've got to have your permission
If our name's to be the same
Show me if you really want me, really care

Just give me a little sign, girl
Make me feel you want me girl
Show me that you care,
(Repeat chorus).

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•A TIME FOR LIVING

(As recorded by The Association/
Warner Bros.)

**DON ADDRISI
DICK ADDRISI**

I kicked off my shoes and felt the good earth under my feet
I loosened my tie and felt what it feels like to breathe
I found the secret to life
I took some time for living.

I took off my watch and found I had all the time in the world
I emptied my arms so I could hold life like a beautiful girl
I put down all of my hang ups forever
I looked around and saw what sweet things can be found.
Simply by taking some time for living, grooving on little things life is givin'
From now on I'm taking time out for life, time for living.

Too busy to stop and notice the things that are real
Embarrassed to talk about all the things that I feel
It's so strange, never noticed the world all around me
Hey look I've changed.
My attitude's been re-arranged
From now on I'm taking some time for living
Groovin' on little things life is givin'
From now on I'm taking time out for life, time for living.

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•I PROMISE TO WAIT MY LOVE

(As recorded by Martha & The Vandellas/Gordy)

**MARGARET JOHNSON
ALAN STORY
HORGAY GORDY**

BILLIE JEAN BROWN
I promise to wait my love
Right here till you return
With a love that's wear for you
and a heart that sadly yearns
Yearns because you left me all alone
and blue
And to another I know I just can't be true
I know that you'll come back
But hurry up don't take so long
'Cause I love you, need you
Even though you done me wrong
I promise to wait my love
Until you finally find that the love you're sharing now
Is not as real as mine
Your love is like a diamond
Only worth a dime
But my love for you is strictly genuine
I know that you'll come back home
But hurry up don't take so long
'Cause I love you, need you
Even though you done me wrong
Oh how I miss you
I long to hear you call my name
And since you've been gone baby
You know things just ain't been the same.

I promise to wait my love
Right here till you return
With arms that want you baby
And lips that forever burn
Burn for your tender ever lovin' kiss
And your tight embrace is what I really miss
I know that you'll come back home
But hurry up don't take so long
'Cause I love you, need you
Even though you done me wrong
I'll stay right here
Ain't goin' nowhere
I'm gonna wait for you baby
I'm gonna wait
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•SLEEPY JOE

(As recorded by Herman's Hermits/
MGM)

**JOHN CARTER
RUSSEL ALQUIST**

Sleepy Joe, sleepy Joe
Rise and shine sleepy Joe
Now is the time, don't you know
How to get into a new kind of dream
You've been living alone with no Bell telephone
And you don't have a shirt that is clean
You can rest your head on the corner of your bed
And you can watch the world go by
But you're never gonna see
What the other people see
If you're always gonna be sleepy Joe
Rise and shine sleepy Joe
There are places to go
There are windows to clean on the way
You've got nothing to lose
Put a shine on your shoes
Do the best thing you can every day
You can get upset at the way people get
You can turn your back on the crowd
But you're never gonna feel
What is absolutely real
If you're always gonna be a sleepy Joe.
La la la la la la.

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•COWBOYS TO GIRLS

(As recorded by The Intruders/
Gamble)

**GAMBLE
HUFF**

Cowboys to girls
I remember when I used to play shoot 'em up
(Shoot 'em up, bang, bang baby)
I remember when I chased the girls and beat 'em up
But I was young and didn't understand
But now I, a grown up man
I know girls are made for kissing
Never knew what I was missing
Now my life is not the same
My whole world has been re-arranged
I went from (cowboys to girls)
Oh yes I did
(Cowboys to girls).

I remember when I used to see you jumping rope
(Jumping rope, up and down baby)
And I remember when you got your first baby coat
But you were young and didn't understand
Now you want me that I'm a man
And it's me that your kissing
Ain't it fun reminiscing
Now our lives are not the same
Our whole world has been re-arranged
You went from (Pretty dolls to boys)
Oh yes you did
And I went from (cowboys to girls)
Oh yes I did.
Still it's me that you're kissing
Ain't it fun reminiscing
Cause our life is not the same
This whole world has been re-arranged
I went from (cowboys to girls)
Oh yes I did
You went from (pretty dolls to boys).
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•THE POSTER

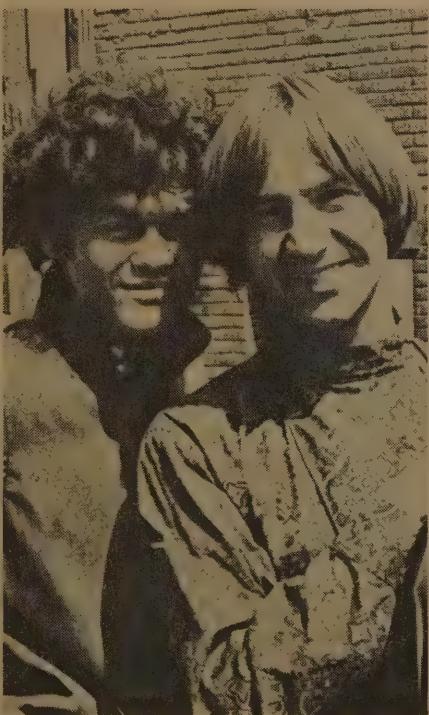
(From The Monkees' "Birds, Bees And Monkees" album)

DAVID JONES

STEVE PITTS

The circus is coming to town
It said on the poster
Get your tickets now
Before it's too late
A dancing bear and a circus clown
it's so funny
I can't wait to see everything there
I feel like I'm already there
I must see her fly through the air
Horses running 'round and 'round in a circle
I can't wait to see everything there
I wonder if it's just like they say on poster
If it is I know I will be there.

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•TAPIOCA TUNDRA

(As recorded by The Monkees/Colegems)

MIKE NESMITH

Reasoned verse some prose or rhyme
Lose themselves in other times
And waiting hopes cast silent spells
That speak in clouded clues
It cannot be a part of me for now it's part of you.
Sunshine, rag time, blowing in the breeze
Midnight looks right standing more at ease
Silhouettes and figures stay
Close to what he had to say
And one more time the faded dream
Is saddened by the news
It cannot be a part of me for now it's a part of you.

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•P.O. BOX 9847

(From The Monkees' "Birds, Bees And Monkees" album)

TOMMY BOYCE

BOBBY HART

Handsome, single, young man
Well respected in his town
Seeks a kind young lady from a similar background
Generous, responsible, successful
Man of means, socialize with presidents and queens
Reply, P.O. Box nine eight four seven
P.O. Box nine eight four seven
I've described me very poorly, better try again.

Quiet, sincere gentleman, well rounded and mature
Fond of music and the arts and loves the theatre
Educated, sensitive, a trav'ler of the world
Wants to meet an eligible young girl
Reply, P.O. Box nine eight four seven
P.O. Box nine eight four seven
I've been writing advertising that's not really me.

Lonely, understanding man, affectionate and true
Looking for a girl to share his dreams and make them true
Humble, loving, sensitive, considerate and shy
Only sincere ladies need reply
Reply, P.O. Box nine eight four seven
P.O. Box nine eight four seven
I'm not liking what I'm typing throw it all away.

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•MAGNOLIA SIMMS

(From The Monkees' "Birds, Bees And Monkees" album)

MIKE NESMITH

CHARLES ROCKETT

Love to me is blue-eyed and blond
Oh it's sweet Magnolia
Apple in the window still warm
That's my sweet Magnolia
Walking under a sky that's so blue
After rain has fallen
When she's walkin' so close by my side
My troubles seem to just run and hide
Magnolia Simms is my little doll
I can't live without her
For if she goes my world would just fall
Stay with me Magnolia.

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•VALLERI

(As recorded by The Monkees/Colegems)

T. BOYCE

B. HART

There's a girl I know
Who makes me feel so good
And I wouldn't live without her even if I could
I call her Valleri
I call her Valleri
She's the same little girl that used to hang around my door
But she sure looks different than the way she did before
Her name is Valleri
Her name is Valleri
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•AUNTIE'S MUNICIPAL COURT

(From The Monkees' "Birds, Bees And Monkees" album)

MIKE NESMITH

Fine man, crazy man
He can't see
Sound of the sunset, sound of the sea
Why do the people always look at me
Nobody here to see that we are you, we
are you
She's him too, she's him too.

Fine man, crazy man
He can't see
Sound of the sunset, sound of the sea
Mmm mmm
Solid brass statuary guards the door
Used to come as one now it comes as
four
Somebody here just sent for more
Red and yellow cartoons saying we need
two, we need two, more than you,
more than you.

Solid brass statuary guards the door
Used to come as one now it comes as
four
Mmm mmm
Somebody stole their mind, somebody
stole their mind
They say they can't find what is kind,
what is kind.

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•ZOR AND ZAM

(From The Monkees "Birds, Bees And Monkees" album)

BILLY CHADWICK
JOHN CHADWICK

The King of Zor he called for war
And the King of Zam he answerd
They fashioned their weapons one upon
one ton upon ton
And they called for a war at the rise of
the sun.

Out went the call to one and to all
That echoed and rolled like the thunder
Trumpets and drums, roar upon roar
more upon more
Rolling the call of come now to war.

Throughout the night they fashioned
their might
With right on the side of the mighty
They puzzled their minds plan upon
plan man upon man
And at dying of dawn the great war began
They met on the battlefield banner in hand
And they looked out across the vacant land
And they counted the missing one upon
one, none upon none
The war it was over before it began
Two little Kings playing a game they
gave a war and nobody came.

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•I'LL BE BACK UPON MY FEET AGAIN

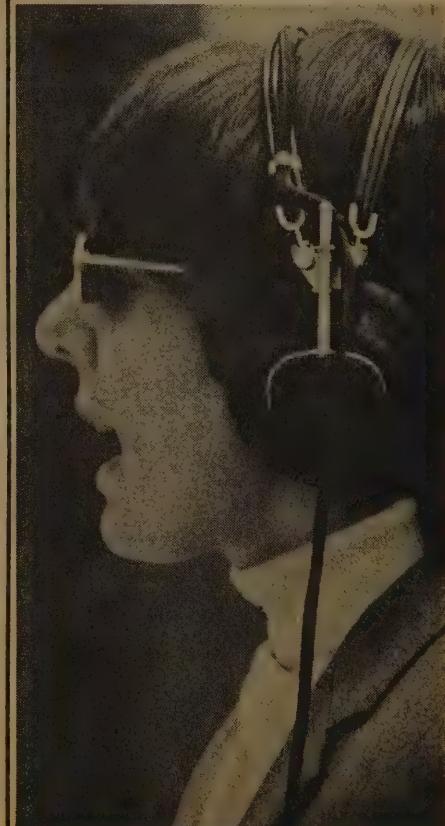
(From The Monkees' "Birds, Bees And Monkees" album)

SANDY LINZER
DENNY RANDELL

Girl I know the grass is greener
just around the bend
Gotta say goodbye but don't you fear
Tho' the road is broken I might still can
find the end
I won't disappear
I'll be back upon my feet
I'll be back upon my feet
Chase the moon and sun to find my one
and only you
I'll be back upon my feet
I'll be back upon my feet lookin' high
I'm lookin' low when I find my boots I
know I gotta go
Back upon my feet ah ah
Go when I find my boots, I know I gotta
go
When I find my boots I know I gotta go.

Maybe I will be a star or maybe just a
clown
Girl I'll never know until I try
Maybe I will meet a girl who'll try to
keep me down
But you won't have to cry
I'll be back upon my feet
I'll be back upon my feet
Chase the moon and sun to find my one
and only you
I'll be back upon my feet
I'll be back upon my feet
Lookin' high, I'm lookin' low
When I find my boots I know I gotta go.

Maybe I will meet a girl who'll try to
keep me down
But you won't have to cry
I'll be back upon my feet
I'll be back upon my feet
Chase the moon and sun to find my
one and only you
I'll be back upon my feet
I'll be back upon my feet
Lookin' high, I'm lookin' low
When I find my boots I know I gotta go.
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pictures I hear

by
Brigitta

I hate to hurt my twelve-year-old sister's feelings by calling "Tapioca Tundra" by the Monkees the worst song of the month—I had a wide field to make the choice from ("Dance to the Music" by Sly and the Family Stone was a close runner-up)—but "Tapioca Tundra" won because the Monkees are so far behind the trends that they are just now picking up the "Winchester Cathedral" sound that peaked well over a year ago. The gauche attempt at "hipness" makes only too obvious the fact the Monkees are controlled by a bunch of out-of-touch middle-aged producers and promoters with incredibly slow reflexes. I don't even care who wrote it, but whoever it was tried in a shallow way to imitate the lyrics of "I Am the Walrus," without having the least realization that the unusual groups of word images in "Walrus"—far from being nonsense—built powerful concepts and moods. A good Beatles' imitation is always welcome, but the kind of slap-happy mind that could misinterpret the serious statements of "Walrus" could probably have interpreted "Yellow Submarine" as a drug song. The other side of the record, Boyce & Hart's "Valleri," was a little better—it would have been a creditable song for Paul Anka to have written at the age of fifteen. It was ungrammatical both verbally and musically.

One of the nicest—and most unusual—surprises that can happen is when a group you were sure had nothing to offer reveals beautiful music: Harper's Bizarre have blended Western and Oriental sounds in the most satisfying way I could imagine in "Sandman."

"Sandman's" wall of sound is like a flower float, with several rhythmic sequences mingling; a daisy chain of interlocking harmonies; voices glancing off and passing through one another like bubbles. A spun-sugar violin of exquisite sweetness filters through the silk screen toward the end.

The Vanilla Fudge album, "The Beat Goes On," is exciting a lot of comment from the nervous people who follow what they think might be the avant-garde with perspiring foreheads; personally, I'd rather listen to the Longine Symphonette Records of Great Moments in History. "The Beat Goes On" carries the nonsense started by Simon and Garfunkel's "Silent Night/7:00 News" to its ultimate drag and confirms my initial impression of the Fudge as a completely tasteless group of non-musicians. It is quite fitting they should have chosen Sonny Bono's song for their keystone: The Fudge parallel in vulgarity the amazing pseudo-musical career of Sonny and Cher.

I've heard vaguely unfavorable rumblings about Bob Dylan's new album. But it has a lot of joy in it. "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" is one of the purest, least pretentious songs Dylan has ever written: and, though it could be debated whether it is satirical of this-or-that, it is much more fun just to take it for itself without worrying too much about who Dylan is putting on.

If "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" sparkles like Vichy water, "I Pity the Poor Immigrant" is stronger draught. You can

accompany the music with your own salty mineral bath—everyone knows tears are more nourishing than great-grandmother's recipe for German pineapple upside-down cake. This song raises the question of whether Dylan is trying to become the Joseph Kraft of rock and roll, crooning softly to the bones of poor white trash—or can we take the word "immigrant" in larger context, guessing that Dylan may be talking about Everyman and his journey into this life from the home of the spirit?

I don't know the answer, but I do hope that Dylan hasn't degenerated into a political commentator—though "As I Went Out One Morning" further points to this disturbing possibility. "As I Went Out . . ." is a gimmicky bit of cuteness that hardly pretends to be a song, though Charles McCoy's remarkable compelling, facile bass almost manages to convince us this is music.

In "Down Along the Cove," Dylan impersonates Tom Rush and wipes out the whole Rush school of neo-Lomaxian archivist folk-rockers. (I understand Dylan behaved very naughtily at a recent Woodie Guthrie tribute.)

In "Dear Landlord," Dylan is only asking for a little respect when he comes home (to his audience). He promises he will not underestimate us, but the condition he makes is one which he probably does not expect to be fulfilled. The whole idea could be a little offensive when you consider that, after all, we didn't come to estimate Bob Dylan—we came to listen, and the burden is on him to produce something good enough for our ears: so who says there are no more comparisons to be made between Dylan and Donovan? Remember who magnanimously titled his album, "A Gift From A Flower to A Garden," and sold it for \$8.

In "The Ballad of Judas Priest and Frankie Lee," Dylan becomes a stand-up comedian whose five-minute anecdotal joke hangs on the cleverness of its final line: "John Wesley Harding" is a more bitter kind of joke; it represents Bob Dylan's response to the current vogue for glamorizing and romanticizing the lives of criminals and outlaws, from the Barrow Gang to Che Guevara. One thinks of Marlon Brando's impossible hero in "One-Eyed Jacks." I have always suspected that Dylan cherishes a secret desire to be a Brando-like anti-hero movie star.

The beginning of 1968 finds Bob Dylan in good humor, and with his fingernails as sharp as those of Purdy Fallar, the diabolic moon-man in "Dick Tracy." The current scene should continue to provide Dylan with plenty of lush grapefruit to slash.

The Beatles, like nearly everyone to grow out of the rock and roll milieu, are non-verbal musicians; their words are sometimes witty, occasionally completely poetic, often only adequate. But the art of the Beatles rests much more in their responsiveness to all kinds of sounds, and their gift of communicating their delight in sound, and of marshaling and putting in joyful order seemingly incongruous sound elements. One line from *Lady Madonna* illustrates quite simply what the Beatles made us do: ". . . Listen

(continued on page 64)

STEPPENWOLF



by Pete Johnson

The ultimate bird-named group was the Sparrow, a Canadian combo which roosted in New York and San Francisco for a year or so and was signed to Columbia Records. A couple of singles came out, but the group was not overjoyed with their quality and the record company was far from elated at their paltry sales, so they parted company and the group disintegrated.

Almost disintegrated, that is, because within a couple of months three Sparrows formed a new quintet, Steppenwolf, based in Los Angeles. Over the extremely loose, improvisational sound of the Sparrow, Steppenwolf imposed tight rhythmic structure generated by two lead guitars, bass organ and drums.

A lot of things happen in their music, but the music never runs away with the meaning. They are somewhere between Paul Revere and the Raiders and the Grateful Dead in the best sense of such a comparison.

Their first album, "Steppenwolf" (Dunhill), is doing well nationally and a single

from it, "Sookie Sookie" (a Don Covay song), hit in scattered regions. The quality of the album and their excellent concert and night club performances leave no doubt that this is a major group. Members of Steppenwolf (the name comes from a 1927 mystic novel by German writer Hermann Hesse, whose favorite music was Mozart) are John Kay, a gritty-throated vocalist who writes most of their songs and plays guitar and harp; Goldy McJohn, organist; Michael Monarch, guitar; Jerry Edmonton, drums, and John Moreve, bass.

John, Goldy and Gabriel Mekler, their producer, sat in John's minute Hollywood apartment for one of their first interviews, which began with a question about the changes that have occurred between the Sparrow and Steppenwolf periods.

"We would like to let the Sparrow die finally," John said. "There are three members of the old Sparrow in Steppenwolf, Goldy, Jerry and myself. We added

two new members, guitar and bass. Some of the material we did as the Sparrow has been changed. There's a resemblance, but it's like the difference between the Mugwumps and the Spoonful or the Great Society and the Airplane.

"The Sparrow was a well-established group which I joined back East when their piano player left. Goldy joined it at the very same time. There were four of them. They lost the pianist, two days later Goldy and I joined, and another day later we played our first gig. We played a lot around New York and Canada. Before then I was a blues singer of sorts, coffee houses, stuff like that. So one day I wound up in New York, and all of a sudden I had a desire to have more than one acoustic guitar and a harp and a harp holder. I sat in with the group a couple of times, and, having all those instruments, you can say so much more, if you have the right combination of people."

"We signed with Columbia on a three-

year contract. But their reasoning was a little twisted. They would come into the club and say, 'Great. Just great,' you know, cigar and so on. And then they'd get you in a studio and stick you with a producer and say, 'Yeah, that's nice, fellows, but it's not commercial; so we're gonna have Steve Mann and Cynthia Weil whip up a couple of hits for you.' There was an automatic resentment with everyone in the group. We only turned out four sides. Since those things didn't please them too much and they didn't please us, they were hesitant about letting us record an album. I'm rather glad that things changed the way they did.

Sparrow dissolved in June, 1967. "We stayed for seven months in San Francisco," Goldy remembered. "Then we came back here and played a few jobs and that was it."

"I had no intention of remaining on the performing end of it," remarked John. "I felt that Sparrow was pretty good and I wanted to go into writing and producing, but Gabriel approached me with the information that Dunhill was looking for a hard group, so I got these two guys back and we just advertised for a couple of musicians. Bang, it took about three or four days and we had the ones we wanted. We rehearsed another three or four days and Gabriel came by and dug what he heard, and we signed with Dunhill. We released one record, which was a bomb, 'A Girl I Knew.' The same song is on the album, but it's a newer and better version, much better."

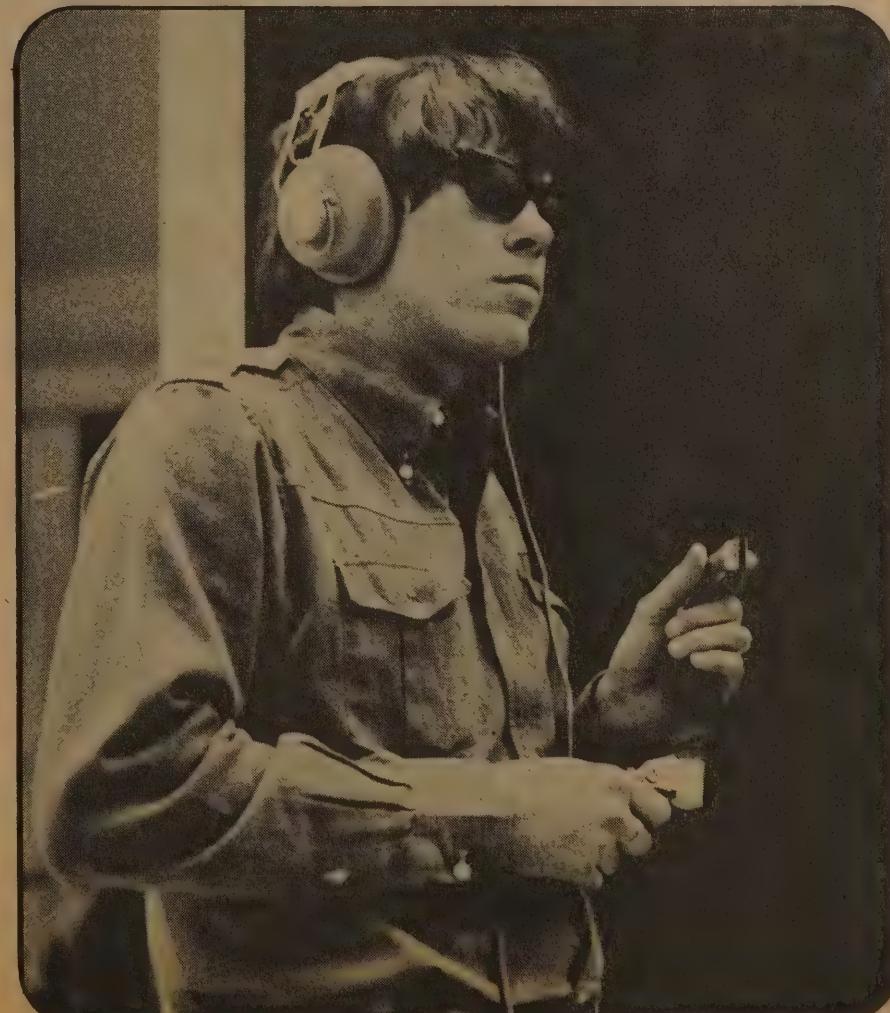
"The album took us four days to record: three days of tracking and one day of vocal overdubs. It was a record for that studio. We did six tracks on a Tuesday, half of the album - more than half of the album. It was just the right atmosphere."

John's speech is tinged with a slight accent, which is explained when you find out that his native language is German. "I was born in East Prussia, which at that time was part of Germany. It's now part of Russia. I grew up in East and West Germany and Canada and down here. German and English are the only two languages I speak."

How did the group choose its present name?

"Mainly through Gabriel. He approached me and said, 'I've always thought that Steppenwolf would be a great name for a group.' So I just kind of weighed the word itself (its German meaning is wolf of the Steppes) and I couldn't make that much out of it. Then Goldy showed me the book and I went through it, and the one thing I figured the name could identify with, which would be similar to the book, was the constant searching."

Their in-person instrumental tightness raised a question of how much impro-





visation they do during sets.

"There is improvisation, as far as solos are concerned," John said, "and as far as the individual instrumental parts are concerned, but the sequence of verses and bridges and vocal parts are the same."

Goldy elaborated, "Sure, we've improvised, like the old 'Pusher,' but what we do now, everybody does what he wants to do and it all fits in groovily. You can't call it improvisation as people know it, but it's not like, 'Here's your part,' and play it."

Back to John. "The idea is to be free but still have everyone together. I write the song, get the band together and we'll pick up the progression and the rhythm. Usually Goldy and Michael and John and Jerry find their own things that they feel go with the song. If they find weak spots, we'll work on them together. It's a team effort. I usually supply the material but from there on about fifty percent is influenced by everybody in the band. We try to rehearse four hours every day, and we're always working on new things."

One of those new things is a musical documentary of the evolution of the blues, which John explained. "It's a rough cross-section through the layers of blues development from the early country blues, Robert Johnson on bottleneck guitar. That's what it starts out with: one guitar, one voice, bottleneck, drums with brushes and the bass playing old upright style. The syncopations like double and increase, it speeds up gradually as it goes along, it takes in the other instruments, the organ, the second guitar, harmonica, piano, things like that, and the bass and drums switch to more normal things. It takes in the voices as well and at the end winds up being more or less a gospel thing, very hectic rhythm. It's about 15-17 minutes long. It will be one side of our next album.

"As far as the album goes, we're going to lay down what we have, then we're going to try to embellish it with things we'd like to try, like African rhythms. This blues thing—there are a lot of things which were purposely stolen. There's no attempt to make it sound like something else, because the idea was to take it through the various stages, the evolution. Actually, after this long blues

thing, I think we're going to more or less say farewell to the blues per se.

"The Sparrow was like John Mayall for a while in New York, a funky blues group. But then the desire comes to say something yourself. You're influenced partly by what you already know musically and you try to go beyond that. That's the stage we're in. We're getting closer to focusing on what will be Steppenwolf."

There are blues in the group's first album and in their performances (Willie Dixon's "Hoochie Koochie Man" for one), but this is not just another of the proliferating warmed-over Howlin' Wolf Jimmy Reed - John Lee Hooker - Muddy Waters - B.B. and Albert King aggregations. (I'm not talking about these originals, but of their pale Xerox copies) Their music and their sound is founded in blues, but has no more dependence on the form than does the similarly based music of the Cream or the Jimi Hendrix Experience. They have something of their own to say, they have said it and they plan to say a lot more. □ pete johnson (Latest album/Steppenwolf-Dunhill)

THE ENGLAND GROUP SCENE NOW



The Traffic

They say that when all pop music starts sounding the same to you, you're really getting old. Well, maybe I am, but as I "button punch" my car radio day in and day out in dear old London town, I can't help reflecting on the desperate sameness of the local group scene.

It seems so long now since the Beatles and the Stones were stopping us in our tracks with every new release while the rest of the world followed their musical progress with open mouths. Now, in the British charts at least, the schmaltzy ballads so reminiscent of pre-rock days are doggedly holding sway while uninspired groups like the Herd, the Love Affair, the Plastic Penny and the Scaffold streak up the tired old charts with desperately commercial gutless material.

When it was revealed to the world at large that the only member of the Love Affair who was on their number one record, "Everlasting Love," was vocalist Steve Ellis, the public was genuinely angry at the deception, in spite of the fact that the common practice of using session musicians is fairly widely known these days. The reaction of the people who actually buy the records made me realize that a relatively large slice of the public still is interested in creativity in spite of the direness of some of the records they themselves put in the charts, and this set me thinking. What, I asked myself, has happened

to the local product since the halcyon days of the Liverpool sound? Why have the groups stopped waxing unforgettables like "Satisfaction," "Paint It Black" and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand?"

The charts have become the market place for the work of the expert and highly competent record producers like Mickie Most, who can turn out a good commercial A-side like Herman's "I Can Take Or Leave Your Loving" in a couple of hours, yet have no interest in recording music that you'll want to listen to next month, let alone next year. In the words of one of the few far-sighted record producers: "There is nothing that could be termed 'nice' or 'tasty' in the charts today."

For a good three years England was the country that produced the sounds that influenced the entire international scene; yet, ironically, there are few local record producers with any new ideas. Apart from three Americans-Jimmy Miller (Traffic), Steve Rowland (Dave Dee and the Herd), and Shel Talmy, who was the man behind the hits of the Who and the Kinks and who is currently in retirement, the "white hope" of the local industry is the tenacious Denny Cordell. Denny is the man who gave us Procol Harum and the unforgettable "Whiter Shade of Pale," an act for which he should receive a knighthood. He also produces records by the eminently soulful singer, Georgie Fame ("Get-

way" and "Sunny" were his standouts), and the Move, a coarse and anarchistic group whose air of rebellion has made them the heirs apparent to the Stones' throne. It is, in passing, precisely because people are tired of the latent anarchism of the groups that ballads have taken over so strongly.

Denny, who has a good ear for commercial records and knows how to pick the right material for his groups, is a man who declares himself much saddened by the scene. Apart from his own obvious personal interests, he lays the honors at the feet of the Small Faces as one of the best groups around. Speaking of Steve Marriott and the lads, he said: "Their records are uninhibited and uncontrived and full of happy vibrations. They're quite proud of being just a bunch of street "yobs" and they go into the studio ready to have a rave. They have a standard of professionalism and consequently their records are always exciting."

"The public is only buying a piece of plastic when it buys a record, but it's up to the performers to make it something more. When it is, you're buying a genuine piece of emotion and that's the Small Faces for me."

Denny used the Faces to show how his own favorite recording technique is applicable at all levels, from their own teenybopper appeal to the Beatles' wayout heights. "The people who go into the studio and just experiment work up a tremendous amount of enthusiasm. What they do may not always be the greatest but they inspire each other and the results inspire the next group. It's a chain reaction that you try to harness on tape."

With the increasing onset of the out-and-out commercial re-

cords, this process of creativity has been pushed aside, yet only you get the feeling, for the time being. It's notable that most of the really memorable pop discs of the past have been produced in this way, people like the Beatles just letting the tape run for hours on end till they arrive at a satisfactory outcome. "The results are not always sensational," admitted Denny, "But at least they don't come out and strike you cold like Dave Clark or Herman!"

Procol Harum, whose main men are Matthew Fisher, Gary Brooker and Keith Reid, is, according to Denny, "the most uncompromising group I've ever worked with. No one knows what we are going to do until we arrive in the studio. How the music comes out is a total reflection of how Keith, the lyricist, is feeling that day and how the others react to his feelings."

In complete contrast, on the other hand, is the Move, whose leader Roy Wood generally arrives at the studio with a complete song. Rather surprisingly, in view of an image of noncompromise that stems from an act that features the axing of television sets and generally carving up the place. The Move are more concerned than most people imagine with the idea of getting into the charts, "though not with crap," Denny added hastily. "The main thing about them is that they're also a bunch of street kids, this time from Birmingham, and they're just dying to express themselves."

The key to what is wrong with the majority of British pop lies in that last sentence. Too many groups are expressing too few original ideas of their own. The producers, whose importance has frequently been overrated when it comes to



The "Whiter Shade" Procol Harum



Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich

the creative groups who are quite capable of getting on without advice, are nevertheless playing too great a part in record production on the whole. "Unless you're a really great performer, you must write your own songs," Denny stipulated. "Otherwise you're singing someone else's life, it's not your scene."

Groups like the Plastic Penny, the Love Affair, the Amen Corner and, to a lesser extent, Manfred Mann, do very few of their own things, while people like the Herd and Bee Gees, who do use their own material, have it all too obviously rearranged for them by the master-minding producers. Hence their relative lack of impact when compared to the Beatles, the Stones, the Who, the Animals, the Hollies, the Yardbirds, the Kinks and Spencer Davis, the all-time "greats" of the British group scene. Producers from George Martin and Andrew Oldham to Tom Wilson took a substantial hand in the production of all their hit records, but the personality of the groups is and was strong enough to shine through at all times.

Of course, there are several creative groups making worthwhile music across the pond today, and the Cream and the Jimi Hendrix Experience are the obvious examples who lend hope to the drab situation, but still the American influence lingers: the Cream record in America and Jimi, who does half the balancing and mixing of his own records, is American himself. The ace creative people like the Who and the Yardbirds seem to have stopped making records, for the moment at least. The others live so far underground as yet that you've probably never heard of them.

The Nice, who were in the States earlier this year, specia-

lize in pure improvisation with a minimum of vocals. The group was originally formed to accompany P. P. (Pat) Arnold, late of the Ike and Tina Turner show, who stayed on for a while in Britain; and their classically-trained organist, Keith Emerson, is a man to watch.

Then there's the Family, a very ugly but unusual group with a penchant for using Eastern and old English instruments. They backed vocalist Dave Mason (late of Steve Winwood's Traffic) on his first solo single and didn't use a single electrified instrument. In this day and age that must constitute some kind of a record!

The Pink Floyd, who were the first group to have a light show in the "old country," have faded from the public's eye since the psychedelic fad died down, but their eerily electronic sounds on discs like "Arnold Layne" and "See Emily Play" were more than just food for a fad. It's a pity that these people are not better known, and yet the days of "see the pretty lights" and all that seem so long ago. Sure, there are original things happening, but, as always, you have to know where to look for them.

Discarding the morass of sentimental balladry clogging up the charts and draining the people of Britain dry of emotion, echoes of the Beatles still remain. The Stones, who apart from the earliest Yardbirds' things have never been any great influence on local pop, are a dying force, both where the record buyers are concerned and in terms of inspiration. On Scafold's "Thank U Very Much" the bridge is uncannily straight out of the Beatles, which is not all that surprising, I suppose,

(continued on page 53)



The Move



The Small Faces

MANFRED MANN

Quinn Kept Them Together





The Pillars of Hercules remained erect, and through its portals trod Tom McGuinness—the archcynic of Manfred Mann—to talk to me about, among other things, the threatened breakup of the group, why they don't play more dates in England, and Tom's possible documentary films.

It should be explained that the Pillars Of Hercules is a pub situated close to the Charing Cross Road where Tom used to drink with "all the young Dylan Thomases" eight years ago.

As we arrived, one door would not open and Tom joked: "They saw you coming. They're all lying low." Then we found an unlocked door and settled ourselves behind pints and brandy.

Tom, it transpired, is seriously considering producing a number of documentaries on such subjects as rock and roll, the Mississippi Delta, the Cajun area of America, and an island off the American coast.

"I'm doing it with Luke Kelly, who is a Dubliner with a small 'd' in the film department of the Royal College of Art," Tom explained. "I'm trying to get some money to make three different films. They will be documentaries linked with music, which is where I come in."

"People like Muddy Waters and Robert Johnson come from the Mississippi Delta area. They've still got a system called sharecropping. A Negro rents the property from a company, then buys the seed to plant and never makes a profit. He only makes enough to buy next year's seed. There are lots of companies like that and one has its headquarters in Manchester."

"In the film, we want to tie together the visual images with interviews with people who have left and ask them why they've left, and blues records. The visual images would be of a very beautiful area which is also poverty-stricken."

Then there is the Cajun area of America which, Tom says, is a small area down South where French is the language spoken and the music is a mixture of

French and American.

"There are all sorts of piano accordions playing the blues," he pointed out, sinking the last of his first brandy. "I became interested in Cajun music via the blues. It is interesting as a community which has been left on its own. They still broadcast the music locally."

The other American community to interest Tom is on a small island where "the people are almost pure African." It seems that they have been separated from the mainland ever since the slaves arrived and have never become affected by another nationality.

Back towards home, Tom is intrigued by a series of folk festivals which are held throughout the summer in Ireland. They have a name which he has difficulty in pronouncing and which he cannot spell at all.

"You get a town which holds two thousand people, and forty thousand descend on it with their violins, and for a week everyone is drunk," he grinned, savouring the thought of filming such a scene.

"Huge great traffic jams build up and there are great Irishmen running down the street to get in. You find great virtuoso musicians."

On the rock and roll bit, Tom says: "It would be either a film or a TV thing, again with this bloke Luke. I've had the idea on and off for about a year and now is the right time. I'm going back to 1957 with links and everything."

"There is a wealth of material you can get hold of—bits from 'Six Five Special,' 'Oh Boy' and 'Drumbeat,' and things like 'Rock Around The Clock' and 'The Girl Can't Help It.' I've written out a treatment and now Luke can do the film part. We'll do interviews with rockers like Breathless Dan and Righteous Rick Winckley."

Tom's last remark reminded me of something Manfred said when we met a few months ago, that the group had gone through a bad period before

"Mighty Quinn," but were feeling much better as a result of the reviews it had received.

"After so long, there was a lack of purpose within the group. There was no creativity; we didn't know where we were going," Tom agreed. "If 'Mighty Quinn' hadn't been a hit, we would probably have broken up."

"If it hadn't been a hit, I thought it was a bit of a sinking ship. This is only my opinion, but I felt that things were drifting apart."

"Everyone in the group has very strong ideas about how a song should go and we just don't agree. When we were doing the producing, the decisions weren't getting made. Now Mike Hurst makes the decisions. We used to argue about how three notes should go on a flute. They weren't bitter arguments—nobody walked out of the studio—it was just that nothing ever got done."

I had heard a flower-power sort of track at Manfred's house and I asked Tom whether this had ever been considered as a single.

"Ye gods, no," he gasped with astonishment. "It would never have made a single. Do you know the Swedish producer, Peter Goldman? He made a half-hour program around it. We want it to come in and out between tracks of the next LP. Now all we have to do is convince Mercury."

"All it was, was Mike on piano and vibes, Manfred on Melotron and Klaus on flute. It was just one microphone in Manfred's front room!"

The subject was changed to the lack of British appearances of the group, and Tom proudly proclaimed: "We've just done our second gig this year."

"Why don't you do many ballrooms?"

"We're doing one next month," he laughed. "In fact, we're doing two."

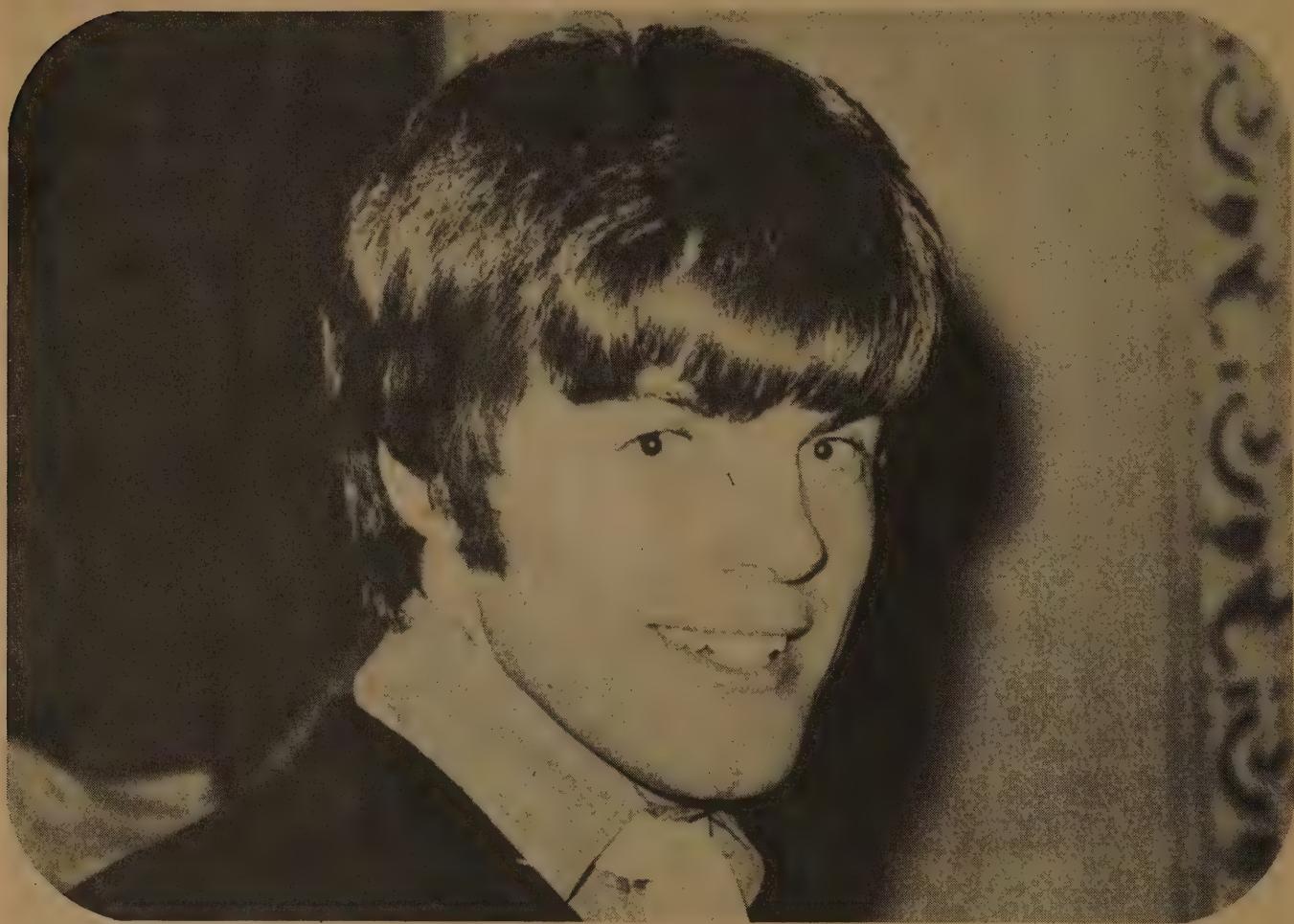
"We don't do so many ballrooms because we only like doing universities, where people listen," Tom explained. "I can play guitar solo for three minutes. At Sussex University, we did a version of 'Norwegian Wood' as an Indian thing and it went down as the best thing of the evening."

"In ballrooms, people come to listen to hits, which would be a drag for us to have to do all the time. We don't want to do that all night."

During the vast gap between "Ha Ha, Said The Clown" and "Quinn," the group didn't appear so much. This, it seems, was on purpose and with a definite reason in mind, Tom explained.

"We were in the fortunate position that when we didn't have a hit, we could afford not to work and didn't have to lower our money. If you haven't got a hit, you play to ever-diminishing audiences. We were shielded from the worst effects of not having a hit." □ richard green (Latest album/The Mighty Quinn—Mercury)

Inside **THE BEE GEES**



Drummer Colin Petersen

Colin Peterson is the aggressive Bee Gee: quietly aggressive, enviably aggressive, agreeably aggressive. There's a fire burning inside him, blazing away, stinging him into action. When he filled in his biography form he put "\$1,000,000" as both his personal and professional ambition.

Facially, Colin is no longer the freckled little boy who launched 100,000 handkerchiefs as "Smiley," in the film of the same name.

He's grown up physically, mentally and emotionally. Life is a challenge, and you bet your sweet life he's going to match up to it and prove he wasn't just a child star nobody ever heard of again.

If I make him sound too hard, I'm sorry. I like Colin. I admire his intelligence and his good humor and the way he accepts the past and appraises his future.

Apart from "Smiley," you may also have seen him in "The Scamp," with Richard Attenborough, or "A Cry From The Streets" with Max Bygraves.

He says he got \$700 — repeat, \$700 — for "Smiley," although it grossed millions; \$8,000 for "The Scamp;" and \$20,000 for "A Cry From The Streets." His bitterest

blow was losing the main part in "Tiger Bay," which was eventually rewritten as a girl's role for Hayley Mills.

Because he and his mother were determined he would never be exploited, and because of reasons of taxation, he returned to Australia and became an art student until he was twenty.

Then he got a newspaper job drawing cartoons and working with type, but it restricted him and he liked neither the possibility of staying in the same 9-to-5 rut or in Australia for the rest of his days.

Says Colin, leaning forward in his seat and looking at you directly: "I always had it in my mind that I would come back to England. I don't know what I wanted to do... just to come back to England. To see what was happening, maybe."

"I always have had a belief I could do well. I was in a group in Australia, Steve and the Board, and we weren't making real money but I just had this faith in the future."

"When I made my last film, at the age of twelve, I was as mature as I am now. I don't think I've matured since then. I grew up quickly."



"I suppose I missed a certain part of my childhood, but my nature was such - even before films - that I didn't need the company of children.

"At the age of seven I played drums and I was a better drummer than I am now. I started drumming when I was five, I had lessons at six (I'd been pottering about with them at four), and while I was still a kid I played with Gene Krupa at a stadium in Brisbane.

Colin talks about the poor fee he got for "Smiley," although he does appreciate he was an unknown and it was his big break.

He praises his parents for being so shrewd and careful on his behalf, and of his mother he says: "My mother saw through a lot of the business deals. She has an incredible mind....basically, she's just an Australian housewife, but she pushed and pushed for me and she had this marvelous intuition."

He says he was "at his bitterest" at the age of sixteen or seventeen, very brought down because things weren't working out in the film business. Now he's "back to normal."

He came back to Britain, he says to prove something, although he isn't amazed he came to try his luck as an

actor and now finds himself high in the charts with the Bee Gees.

"I just accept it," says Colin, "because whatever I do I'm going to be successful."

He speaks with obvious sincerity about his regard for the Brothers Gibb, and how he got to know them in Australia and would often sit in at their sessions there as a labor of love. It was costing him money to fly there, but it was worth it just for the kicks.

When he gets back to Australia...when he walks through the front door at home...only then does Colin think he will be able to get the success he's achieved here in perspective.

He thinks his mother and father have as nearly perfect a marriage as anyone could have; has always been close to his mother for what she has done for him; and now, more than ever, realizes what a beautiful person she is.

Like the rest of the Bee Gees he's intelligent, well-balanced and easy to talk to. And shrewd, and an able drummer, and a capable actor. No wonder he feels successful. It's written all over him. □ alan smith
(Latest album/Horizontal- Atco)



granny's gossip

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CONN. 06418.



The Box Tops



The Animals

Are you ready for some inside secrets, provocative rumors and startling gossip about all those fabulous folks in the wonderful world of pop music? Well, you should be ashamed of yourself. Entertainers are entitled to a little privacy. However, I suppose by now everyone knows that *Bee Gee Maurice* and little *Lulu* are no longer seeing each other, so I can mention it...*The Beatles* would like to begin their third movie soon but they still haven't selected a script. "The ideas we considered for a filmed western and for us to play the split personality of one person were fine in theory. But they just didn't work out," said *Ringo*. "So far, no one seems to have thought very much about using us more as individuals than as a group. For instance, if we could all take several roles, one minute I could pop up as a chauffeur and the next as King Kong. I hope people wouldn't recognize me." If any of you have a good idea for the next Beatle movie, send it to them in London...*Jefferson Airplane* rumors are flying but so far there's been no truth to them. For example, many people think lead vocalist, *Grace Slick*, has left the group because she's featured on a recent Columbia album titled "Conspicuous Only In Its Absence - The Great Society With Grace Slick." Naturally, Grace's name and picture dominate the album cover, but, as the liner notes reveal and all regular Hit Parader readers know, *the Great Society* was the group Grace was in before she joined the Airplane. Grace and her husband *Darby*, from whom she's now separated, formed the Great Society in 1965 and their album includes the first recorded versions of "White Rabbit" and "Somebody To Love," both of which later became the Airplane's two biggest singles...*The Monkees* will do three hour-long TV specials next season and they'll probably make two cross-country personal appearance tours during the year. The first tour will probably start in late July or early August...Their last couple of records have erased the widely held assumption that the *Box Tops* would be just another one-hit wonder. If the group looks different lately, it's because three of the original members dropped out to continue their education and were replaced with some of the best musicians in Memphis...*Davy Jones* and *Lulu* were seen together a couple of times. Some people are calling it a new romance...*Florence Ballard*, the former Supreme who's now recording on her own for ABC Records, recently honeymooned in Hawaii with her manager, *Tom Chapman*, who's also her husband...*Mike and Phyllis Nesmith* have been married for five years...Have the *Royal Guardsmen* gone to the dogs? Arf arf...Handsome *Howard Torgison*, New Zealand's most popular folk singer, was about to come to America for a huge publicity build-up and TV appearances when he came down with hoof and mouth disease and had to cancel the whole thing...*The Candymen* do the most incredible live versions of "I Am The

Walrus," "A Day In The Life," "A Little Help From My Friends," "Good Vibrations" and lots of other swell numbers, but I wish they'd play more of their original material in person because they've written some excellent songs...Randy Cain of the Delfonics eats baby food...Those silly girl editors are trying to make Tim Buckley a big teen-fan scream idol, which is the last thing in the world Tim wants...For his first big dramatic role, Eric Burdon plays a hippie in "The Death Of Harry Farmer," a movie about the Haight Ashbury hippie scene. Rod Steiger will play Eric's father. The Animals lived on the West Coast while the movie was being filmed. They also sing the title tune...Apologies to Rufus Thomas for the colossal error that appeared in Tempo in the June Hit Parader. On page 59, second column, third paragraph, third sentence, it should read "'Bearcat' sold a hundred thousand copies, which was an impressive amount in those days."...Because of a typographical error we printed "'Bearcat' sold a hundred copies." Sorry about that, Rufus...Rufus Thomas, his daughter Carla, Booker T. and the MG's, Sam The Sham, Eddie Floyd and Willie Mitchell were among the fifteen artists in the first Memphis Sound Revue, sponsored by Stax Records, held at the Ellis Auditorium in Memphis, Tennessee to benefit the city's Goodwill Boy's Club...Davy Jones got beat up by ex-heavyweight champ Sonny Liston, but it was merely part of the script for the Monkee movie. They became friends and Davy flew to Reno, Nevada to see Sonny in a real fight...The Beatles have been shooting miles of 16mm film during their meditation visit to India. When Ringo returned to London after his ten days of meditation, one of his first tasks was to air-mail more film to the other three Beatles. Maybe they're preparing a "Magical Maharishi Tour"?..."Sitting On The Dock Of The Bay" was Otis Redding's first Number One record and his first million seller. The gold record was presented to his widow and three children...Jim Morrison of the Doors and Linda Ronstadt of the Stone Poneys, were seen together at the Cafe Au Go Go...Ex-Byrd Dave Crosby produced the first album of talented, young, blonde singer-songwriter Joni Mitchell. Her songs, the most famous of which is "The Circle Game," have been recorded by Judy Collins, Ian & Sylvia, Tom Rush and Buffy Saint Marie...Music business boy genius Bob Crewe is selling his half-million dollar triplex apartment in Manhattan. He plans to build a \$750,000 home in New Jersey...the Who have recorded an anti-smoking radio commercial for the American Cancer Society...The Fireballs single, "Goin' Away," was written by the group's lead guitarist, George Tomsco, and his wife Barbara, who also wrote "Say I Am" by Tommy James & The Shondells and folk singer Carolyn Hester's theme song, "That's My Song"...Tim Buckley spent two weeks doing concerts in London, Sweden, and Denmark...Barry Goldberg, a great organ player who's been in lots of groups, including the Electric Flag, the Chicago Loop, Mitch Ryder's recording studio band and the Miller-Goldberg Blues Band, has assembled a new group, the Barry Goldberg Reunion, which made its debut at the Whiskey Au Go Go in L.A. and is recording for Buddah Records...The Ohio Express drives around in a wildly painted truck with a big face up front (the headlights are eyes) and flowers, dragons and bananas painted on the sides...Two of the Temptations, Otis Williams and Eddie Kendricks, had a close brush with death when their new Cadillac, driven by a chauffeur, collided with a trailer truck on the Pennsylvania Turnpike one rainy night. Otis and Eddie, who were returning to Detroit after completing a singing engagement in Delaware, were asleep in the back seat. The car was demolished, but the two singers were released from the hospital after treatment for minor injuries...The American Breed recorded the American Airlines theme song to be used in radio and TV commercials...And now I must fly. Bye, dearies.



Grace Slick of the Airplane



The Lovely Lulu

pike one rainy night. Otis and Eddie, who were returning to Detroit after completing a singing engagement in Delaware, were asleep in the back seat. The car was demolished, but the two singers were released from the hospital after treatment for minor injuries...The American Breed recorded the American Airlines theme song to be used in radio and TV commercials...And now I must fly. Bye, dearies.

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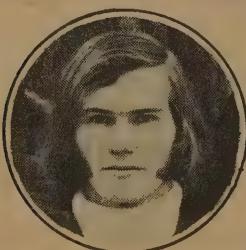
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FENDER ACOUSTIC PICKUP

Fender's new Acoustic Pickup has been designed exclusively for owners of Fender Acoustic Guitars having the internal Tension Tube. These guitars include the Kingman, Wildwood, Concert, Shenandoah, Villager and Palomino. This precision pickup assures outstanding tone reproduction without the feedback which normally accompanies pickup installation.

This unique pickup mounts firmly to the internal Tension Tube, completely avoiding any contact with the wood. This simple mounting procedure will not add additional mass to the vibrating wood or affect the tone when the pickup is not engaged.

Each pole piece of the Fender Pickup is individually adjustable for custom string balance. It has both volume and tone controls which enable the musician to obtain precise tonal adjustments. Installation of the unit is easily accomplished according to directions furnished with each pickup. List price - \$42.50.

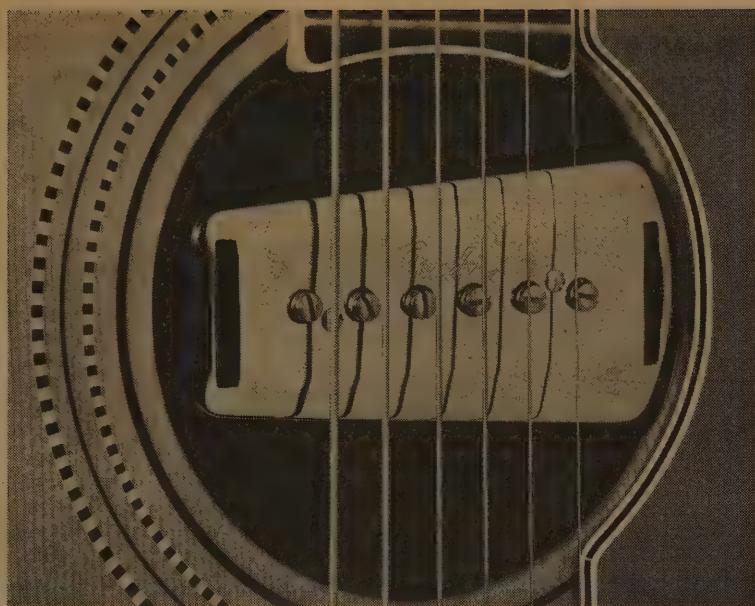
TRUSS-TENSION TUBE

Fender Acoustical Guitars are now being equipped with an exclusive full-body, truss-tension tube that has been awarded U.S. Patent No. 3,302, 507.

The new lightweight device, manufactured from special alloy-hardened steel, is a micro-thin tube that provides several benefits never obtainable before.

The truss-tension tube adds considerable strength and stability to the instrument where it serves as a permanent brace, reducing change in fret measurements caused by warpage of body top and movement of the bridge. The tube

FENDER ACOUSTIC PICKUP



is unaffected by string tension or changes in temperature and humidity.

In addition to its strength characteristics, the tube also provides for mounting of a Fender pickup completely independent of the guitar's body. Unlike conventional mountings which add mass and weight to the top of the guitar, the Fender truss-tension tube provides ideal mounting that in no way interferes with natural guitar resonance.

One of the most important features of the newly patented device is that its use permits the artist to quickly switch from acoustic to electric play, and vice versa. And, since the instrument's body is not artificially weighted, the resulting sound is cleaner and more definitive.

When played electrically, feedback and distortion are eliminated because there is no way for the vibrations of the guitar's top to be amplified, as in instruments using the ordinary method of mounting the pickup directly.

HOHNER CHROMATIC HARMONICA PICKUP

Culminating many months of research, M. Hohner, Incorporated, the pioneer harmonica maker, has developed a deluxe high-fidelity harmonic pickup that is expected to become an important addition

to the 110-year-old company's product line.

Designed for chromatic harmonicas, the new Hohner HH9920 pickup offers the professional and amateur noteworthy advances in sound, flexibility, construction, appearance, and durability.

Among the numerous features of the deluxe pickup are an easy-to-reach volume control, a top-quality mike, a high-impact lightweight plastic jacket with open ends for cupping and more hand control, a non-rust stainless steel audio grill, a completely detachable cord, and a space-age look enhancing all types of presentations. It is designed for quick snap-on and snap-off and fits all high impedance amplifiers.

Topping all the new Hohner product's advantages, according to professionals who have tested it, is the sound result, believed to be the best achieved by any harmonica pickup.

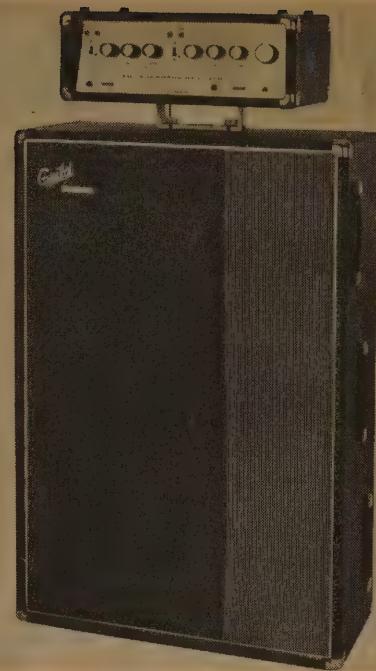
List price: \$39.98

QUANTUM BASS AMP

Guild Musical Instruments, Hoboken, N.J. has redesigned its Quantum Bass Amplifier—a 200-watt for electric bass, guitar and organ.

Features include two 15" J.B. Lansing speakers, three-position tone switch in

QUANTUM BASS AMP



HOHNER CHROMATIC HARMONICA PICKUP

each of two channels, auxiliary power outlet and auxiliary speaker outlet. Provision has been made for a dolly attachment.

On the Quantum's front panel are two inputs with individual volume, bass and treble controls for each channel; master volume for dual channel control; standby, polarity and on-off toggle switches. The rear panel has hum balance, an auxiliary speaker outlet, auxiliary power outlet and fuse post.

Now in heavy-duty black vinyl covering, Guild's Quantum Bass Amplifier is a big one. The top (amplifier) section is 10½" high, 21½" wide, 11½" deep. The speaker enclosure is 45" high, 30" wide, 117/8" deep.

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(From The Monkees "Birds, Bees And Monkees" album)

MIKE NESMITH

Did you know the water's turning yellow
Have you heard the sky was falling down
Did you see that guy fall out the window
Did you know the circus was in town
Have you heard about Bill Chamber's mother

She said a woman's work is never done
And oh yes, about the yellow water
Have you noticed the color of the sun
You have a way of making everything you say seem unreal

Are you aware that the people who care are mostly stainless steel
Well I hope you finally got my letter
It should have come about this time last year
And I hope Bill Chamber's mother's better

Oh dear the moon just disappeared.

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•DREAM WORLD

(From The Monkees' "Birds, Bees And Monkees" album)

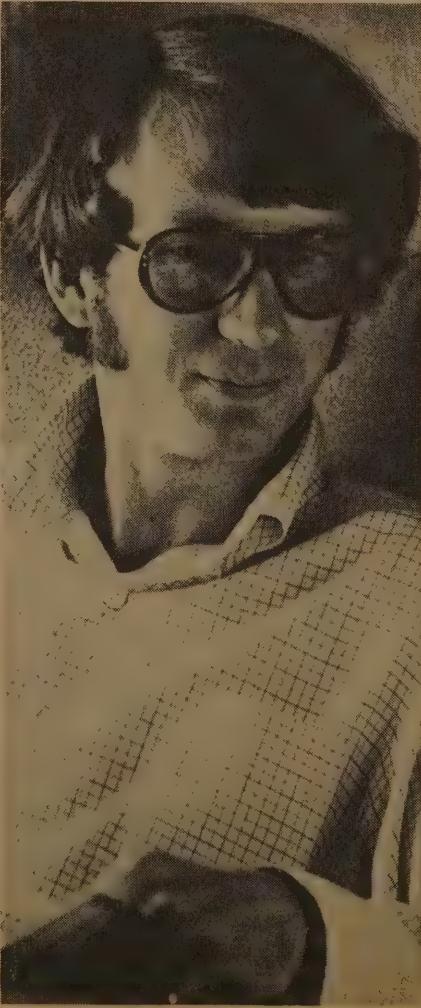
DAVID JONES

STEVE PITTS

Walking around with your head in the clouds
You don't care
Why must you walk when you know You're not going anywhere
Why don't you come out of your dream world
It's not real, it's not the way it seems to be.
Why don't you come into the real world
Come with me we'll share our thoughts
Forget the dreams you'll see.

Always pretending that everything's fine when it's not
Why do you lie when you know that you always get caught
Why don't you come out of your dream world
It's not real, it's not the way it seems to be.
Why don't you come into the real world
Come with me and we'll share our thoughts
Forget the dreams you'll see, you'll see.

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•WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER



(From The Monkees' "Birds, Bees And Monkees" album)

CAROLE BAYER

GEORGE FISCHOFF

I wanted you from the first day I saw you
The first day I looked into your eyes
That's when I knew that I would adore you

It was no surprise
We were made for each other
As the stars were made for the sky
We were made for each other
No other love have I.

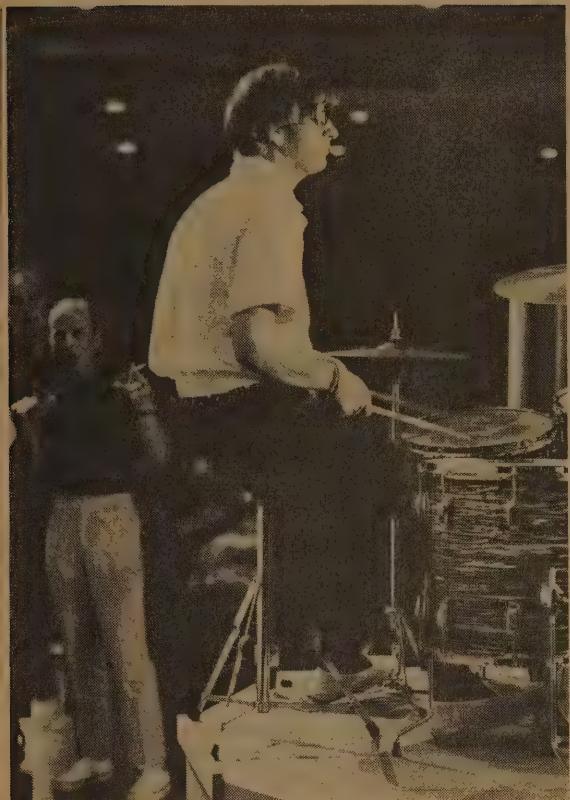
You took my hand
Was it then you had known it
Is that when you started loving me
Was it the way that I smiled that had shown it

Was that the day you could see
We were made for each other
As the stars were made for the sky
We were made for each other
No other love have I.

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Ringo Starr

(continued from page 10)



very depressed; that usually he didn't like the idea of partying, except once in a while, when he went out and positively amazed himself; and that he had always preferred to be more or less on his own with only a few people around him.

He now has two film projectors at home, so a long film can run straight through without him getting up to change the reels - he'd often thought about setting up a real cinema in his house, he said, where you pressed a button and it all started to happen. But he'd never got around to it. In fact, he didn't even have a proper screen. He just projected the films on a wall.

How about his building firm?

"I finished it," said Ringo. "It was impossible, with Harold Wilson. We got left with five houses and two flats, what with the freeze. Are you interested? I'll sell them if you like."

I had, deliberately, left the Maharishi to the last. But I asked Ringo how he felt about the theory that the Yogi was simply hobnobbing with wealthy stars, while hungry Indians starved outside his gates?

"He's a nice guy," said Ringo, "and you really have to meet him to understand what he wants to do. It's the only way."

"Look at it this way: even if the Maharishi gave all his money away, it still wouldn't help the question of famine. People are twisting it. What he wants to do is to set up centers in every country, to help people to help themselves. He wants to help the world, and obviously it makes it easier if he gets publicity and we and others are involved.

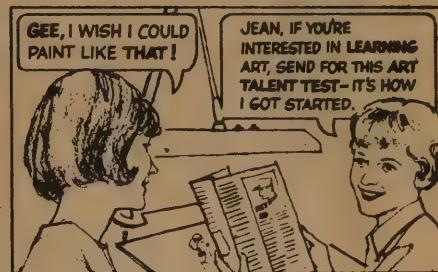
"I was very happy in India; we just came back because we missed the children and everything. The Maharishi is very shrewd: if he doesn't think you're ready for the answer to a question, he won't tell you. He waits till the right stage. He doesn't try to fill your head with too much too soon."

Suddenly I switched from the Indian bit and asked Ringo to tell me his greatest fear in life....what would it take to really shatter his present peace of mind?

Answer (with head falling into hands): "God help us, I need a psychiatrist's couch with you. I have a lot of fears - like anyone else, I suppose. I fear for my wife and for the safety of my kids, and everything else close to me.

"I can't think of any other fear, though. I really can't." □ alan smith (Latest album/Magical Mystery Tour- Capitol)

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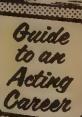
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The Tex-Mex Story (continued from page 24)

plenty of guitar — it made a rather radical departure from the norm by having a very clean, crisp and startlingly quiet sound. Quiet, but very affirmative and driving. "Torquay" and the followups "Bulldog" and "Quite a Party" were some of the most listenable instrumental things of that time.

After about a dozen other records of this type that were insufficiently original to gain much play, the Fireballs switched to a vocal sound. And in 1963 lightning struck again in Clovis. If a bit less tasty musically than their earlier instrumentals, their "Sugar Shack" (featuring lead singer Jimmy Gilmer) was an even bigger smash, one of the top records of 1963. After running this groove into the ground with more forgettable followups, the Fireballs found still another bag in mid-1967. They attached a cleverly arranged, quite original vocal sound (note that deep bass) to an early Tom Paxton ditty, "Bottle of Wine." The result was undoubtedly the best rock record made about booze in many a year. About nine months after it was made, "Bottle of Wine" became a national Top Ten record. (I don't know what the Fireballs will produce in 1968, but judging by their past performance I imagine that about 1972 they will have another monster single for us.)

So that's the Clovis scene. Now find a road map, and observe that Clovis forms a neat triangle with the Texas cities of Lubbock (of Buddy Holly fame) and Amarillo (near where Knox and Bowen came from). The area inside this triangle is often referred to casually as — get this — "Tex-Mex." So it is only right and proper to describe the musical sounds issuing from this region as "the Tex-Mex sound." Like the Muscle Shoals sound or the Liverpool sound. I first heard the term used to apply to Holly's records in the 1950's, though most of them were done in such better-travelled places as Nashville. But when Petty opened up his studio in Clovis, and started turning out those Fireballs records, the term "Tex-Mex sound" attained all one could ask for in total authenticity and appropriateness.

The same cannot be said, however, for some of the more recent uses of the term. The output of Petty's organization, while brilliant now and then, had not been steady enough to keep people as conscious of the original Tex-Mex sound, as we all are now of the "Memphis sound." So somewhere between "Torquay" and "Bottle of Wine" the term "Tex-Mex" somehow escaped from its desert home and settled down upon the whole nation, with tentacles reaching all the way from the Northwest ("Louie, Louie") to Philadelphia ("Expressway To Your Heart") and clear to Eng-

land ("Telstar"). It seems to represent anything loud with simple, repetitive changes, with the possible exception of soul music.

Two records made in Los Angeles in 1958 have been ascribed the distinction of "classics of Tex-Mex": "La Bamba" by Ritchie Valens and "Tequila" by the Champs. Now the Mexican connotations of both are fairly obvious. Ritchie Valens, born Ricardo Valenzuela, based his record on a favorite Mexican folk song, and sang the lyric throughout in the original Spanish. (It was often assumed at the time that the lyrics were naughty — perhaps there's a parallel to "Louie, Louie", etc. here.) The Champs' record suggests the sound of many rock records made in Mexico, and its title has obvious connections.

Both records are indubitably classics. The incredible exuberance of "La Bamba" has never been matched, and Valens' guitar was far ahead of its time. "Tequila" is probably the best straight-time rock instrumental ever made by a white group using an upright bass. It was imitated for years.

But are "Tequila" and "La Bamba" Tex-Mex? Both Valens and the Champs came from Los Angeles, and I know of no connection of either artist with the Clovis, New Mexico scene. Both of them, in fact, made their hits before the Fireballs arrived. The "Mex" they are connected with is Old Mexico, not New Mexico, and I have no idea at all where "Tex" would come into the picture. And as for "Louie, Louie," "Double Shot," "Pipeline," "96 Tears," "I Want Candy," "Telstar," "Beg, Borrow and Steal," "Hang On, Sloopy," "Let's Dance" — well, I cannot really conceive of any one stylistic or regional distinction, save that of utter simplicity, that would gather all these into one bag. Some might be gathered together as representative of a Mexican-American scene, centered in South Texas — we'd include here Sam the Sham,? and the Mysterians, perhaps expand a bit to pick up the Sir Douglas Quintet and some others. But these have nothing to do stylistically with the Fireballs, who made their first impact by — remember — playing that straight-time driving instrumental thing more gently and softly than anybody else.

Such a thing could hardly be said of Sam/Sham or any of the other groups that are now made strange bedfellows under the Tex-Mex flag. We'll get to the rough and rugged South and East Texas stuff some time soon. But now remember the desert country for that gentle-yet-firm approach in guitar and voice. And for Holly's beautiful tunes. One bit to close with — Holly's "Words of Love" was honored by inclusion on the last album the Beatles ever did using non-original material (Beatles VI). □ barret hansen

The English Group Scene (continued from page 41)

when you consider that Paul's brother, Mike McGear, is a member of this slightly amusing Liverpool group. But basically, British groups no longer look to the Beatles for most of their inspiration. In 1968, their major focus is the West Coast of America.

Of the better known, older-established combos, the most amazing in terms of continuous chart-busting is Manfred Mann. Every now and then they emerge from obscurity with a new single and every one has made the hit parade. Their recent number one, "Mighty Quinn," which was a Bob Dylan song, was the first one for Mike D'Abo who replaced the original vocalist, Paul Jones, some time ago. The Hollies are probably the most consistent group around in the making of fine records while keeping a stable personnel; while Spencer Davis had a really great one in "Mr. Second Class" and, amazingly, just missed making it. As for Spence's ex-sidekick, Steve Winwood, he and Traffic spend most of their time holed up in the depths of the countryside. Steve had some success with the "fun" record, "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," and most people have nice things to say about his latest, "No Face, No Name, No Number," a ballad taken from the group's album.

But still the scene is dull. I guess we tend to compare the situation to the time when the Beatles were at the peak of their popularity and every paper carried stories of them daily. But, alas, as one of my friends reminded me with solemnity, that kind of phenomenon comes but once in a lifetime. The failure of the Monkees to make it in Britain proved this beyond a shadow of a doubt.

The majority of Americans have nice things to say about British studios and recording techniques which, in spite of limited finances, are technically as good as their transatlantic counterparts. The top studio is Olympic where Keith Grant and Eddie Kramer operate the controls for the Stones, Hendrix, Traffic, Move and Procol Harum, and have done for the Beatles, who don't, but would like to, use the studio regularly. Other major studios are Lansdowne where Eric Burden and the Animals record, Pye (Spencer Davis and the Kinks), and Advision, frequently used by Denny Cordell. Groups favor Olympic for its congenial atmosphere and "because you can play about and the engineers don't get uptight," as one producer put it. This preference is in spite of the fact that they are only just now installing an eight-track tape at Olympic, while Pye already has twelve-track, the first in the country to reach such dizzy heights of modern sound recording technique. In this respect Britain does lag behind the US.

The complex mixing panels in British studios are much admired by Americans who have looked into local techniques. The British sound tends to be more gimmicky, but in the long run most people admire the funky quality of the American Tamla-type sound, impossible to reproduce away from the roots because of the lack of inherent feeling for soul in the local musicians. "Although," pointed out engineer Eddie Kramer, "the Tamla sound is only 60% dependent on the musicians. There is something in the recording technique that we just can't get at."

Eddie, who has taped the Beatles and the Stones, had some interesting observations to make concerning the techniques employed by Jimi Hendrix, whose records are nominally produced by ex-Animal Chas Chandler: "Jimi does half the balance sitting beside me at the control panel. He takes great care in the overall final sound. He has a fertile imagination and sees ahead to reproducing a certain sound he has in his mind."

But yet and still, people like Jimi Hendrix are few and far between on the London scene. We're still awaiting another Lennon, McCartney, Jagger or Richard to rise up and tell some of the ballad-hungry producers to go get lost. That'll be the day!

Meantime, I'm still listening to my car radio, hoping that things will get better soon. . . □ Valerie Wilmer

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We Read Your Mail
(continued from page 6)

Dear Editor:

Well, your May issue convinced me. Not only are HP's articles the most interesting and informative in comparison to other magazines, but its selections of songs are the greatest, too. "The Dock Of The Bay," "I Can Take Or Leave Your Loving," "Words," and "Spooky" are among my current favorites, and your May issue had the words to all of them. HP is an intelligent, well-written publication. It is, in fact, the only decent music magazine on the market today in that it covers all aspects of the music scene, from blues to jazz to rock to soul to you-name-it. I wish you continued, long and fruitful success.

Since this is the first letter I have ever written your magazine, I thought I would simply give you my opinion of today's sounds. My favorite groups are the Beatles, Beach Boys, Bee Gees, Rascals, Association, and Tommy James and the Shondells.

The Beatles will always head my list of favorites. Almost all present-day rock and roll has taken some form of a Beatles' composition, and turned it into a hit. I can't wait to see what the history books will say about these brilliant composers. Probably something like: The Beatles are the forerunners of all contemporary music. It wouldn't be a surprise, for they are truly musical geniuses.

The Beach Boys are currently on a new kick, which involves intricate harmony and improvisation. Their "Smiley Smile" album is an example of this, and it's proving quite a task to analyze it. Their newest album, "Wild Honey," is unfortunately a letdown. In striving for new and different sounds, the Beach Boys are losing contact with their audience. Still, a few tracks on the album are very good, especially "Darlin'," their newest single. This song contains many intricate chord changes which remind me of some of the tracks on "Pet Sounds." The rhythm is solid four-four, and the harmony blends well with the lead. I hope it's a sign of better things to come from this ultra-talented group.

The Bee Gees are rapidly developing a style of their own, as demonstrated on "Words," their latest hit. The solo on this song is remarkably beautiful, especially at the end, when all instruments are deleted, and only the singer's voice is heard. And what a voice it is! The Bee Gees are a great group, and I look forward to seeing a lot from them in the future.

"Once Upon A Dream" is the name of the Rascals' newest, and it is a good one. I recommend it to everybody.

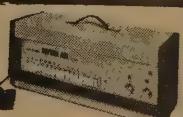
The Association just came to town, and the show they put on was fabulous. They are capable of doing anything with harmony they can make it sound light

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or rugged, depending on the mood of the song.

One of the most improved groups around is Tommy James and the Shondells. Their sound is easily recognizable, and everybody should buy "Gettin' Together," a really good listening album—actually just a fun album. My favorite songs are "There Is So Much Love All Around Me" and "Lost In Your Eyes," an original Tommy James composition.

Before I finish, I would like to ask you to print some articles on Bobby Vee and the Everly Brothers. They have outlasted most of them and although their popularity is as solid today as it was ten years ago, it is surprisingly difficult to find an article or two about them. So please write something about them, if possible.

Thank you for reading this. I really enjoy reading HP, and I hope it lasts forever. I'm sure it will as long as there is continuing creativity in music.

Marty Aaronson
1017 Broadmoor
El Paso, Texas

Dear Editor:

For a long time now I've been reading Hit Parader and quietly writing songs and wondering when I'd get my chance. Opportunity knocked and a couple of weeks ago my first record, an album, was released. I hope you'll listen to it and review it. My first album largely represents the quiet side of me, and my first single will probably be a cut from the album called, "Valentine Gray." The album is called "Dreams and Images."

If any of your readers hear the album and wish to share some of their comments with me, that would be beautiful.

Arthur
351 Cajon St.
Redlands, Calif.

Dear Editor:

As a recording engineer and musician with a well-known local group, I find your magazine to be the best informed and the most interesting source of entertainment for pop-music fans and players.

The majority of your readers seem to be mostly fans of R&B and blues, and I would like to comment in behalf of those readers who are fans of vocal groups such as the Beach Boys, the Association, and the Four Freshmen. (For those of you NOT familiar with the Freshmen, they inspired both the Association and the Beach Boys.)

I have heard all three groups in person, and my comments are as follows: The Freshmen appealing to mostly jazz fans and older folks, have never used studio gimmicks, and are as good or better in person than on wax.

The Beach Boys are quite good in person, but not as good as

their records. Reason—over-dubbing of every voice twice in the studio for that "fatter" sound. Their act is very polished, and they are excellent instrumentalists as well as vocalists.

In spite of many rumors that the Association are lousy in person, I drove 300 miles to see one of their concerts and was never so impressed by any group as I was by them. Being human, they goof occasionally, but it takes a knowledgeable musician to catch the mistakes. Their records, and their stage presence and showmanship were superb. They get to every single person in the audience and have you on the edge of your chair. But the most amazing thing is the incredible softness with which they play their instruments, compared to most groups whose loudness seems to be their only appeal.

The group I perform with does many Association numbers on stage, which is unusual because most groups here only play "yech" music. We get bugged by the little kids who only like the "yech" music, but the comments we get backstage from the more musically knowledgeable kids on our close harmony is worth all the effort it takes to learn such difficult songs.

Our big hang-up here in Florida is the lack of scouts from the majors to sign the good groups, and I would say that we have a better concentration of good groups here than anywhere else in the United States. It's just that nobody knows it. As for recording facilities, I am an engineer at probably the most sophisticated studio on the East Coast at the present time (James Brown's "I Feel Good," and Sam and Dave's "Hold On, I'm Coming"), so there's no excuse in the way of recording facilities.

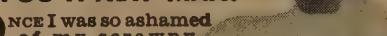
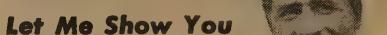
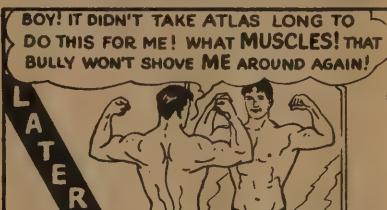
I was disappointed in your article with Tom Dowd. Very little if any discussion on recording techniques, and Dowd is the master of the art.

How about an article on Bones Howe, the West Coast Tom Dowd, and producer of the Association's latest LP? Also, I would like to see an article on the West Coast studio group consisting of Hal Blaine (drums), Joe Osborne (bass and guitar), and Larry Knechtel (piano and guitar). They cut tracks for the Mamas and Papas, the Association, the 5th Dimension, and most other West Coast groups.

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THE SCAFFOLD...Hung??



For several years, the only thing you could say about The Scaffold was that one of its members, Mike McGear, was Paul McCartney's brother.

Now, The Scaffold has achieved fame on its own in England and America with a hit single, "Thank U Very Much," released here by Bell Records. But still, the shadow of Paul McCartney looms in the background.

"Our kid," as Mike calls his older brother Paul, "gave me a camera as a gift. I thought of thanking him with a little song. Then it turned into a general thank-you song covering a multitude of things."

Paul also helped The Scaffold record "Thank U Very Much" and their new album.

"Our kid's helped me a great deal on the technical side of making records," Mike says. "It's great because he can translate the things I have in my mind to chord E diminished 500 wow-flutter progression, or whatever the heck it is. He just knows music. It's instinctive. It's in him."

"Thank U Very Much" is The Scaffold's third and biggest hit. Two previous singles, "2 Day's Monday" and "Goodbat, Nightman" and their off-beat comedy had earned them a modest but loyal following in England.

Although most of the spotlight has been focused on Mike McGear, the other members of the cheerfully crazy trio don't seem to mind. While interviewers surround Mike, photographers hound him, journalists compare him with brother Paul and everyone in general just moons over him, John Gorman and Roger McGough have been content to sit in the background.

"All this attention for Mike doesn't bother us because he has the good looks and youth. We're both not exactly pin-ups, and it's natural that people want

to talk to Mike rather than us," says Roger, who appears to be very relieved at being spared many of the demands of fame.

"Actually, we both think it's great for Mike," says John, "because people are no longer saying to him, 'Aren't you Paul's brother?' Now they're starting to say, 'Oh! You're Mike McGear.'"

Incidentally, Mike originally changed his last name to McGear so people couldn't accuse him of trying to cash in on Paul's reputation.

John adds, "Basically we're a humor group. Until now, music has played a small part in our act. Mike has now become the musical element of the group, while Roger handles the political side."

John handles the comedy. In addition, each of The Scaffold is involved in activities outside the group. "We all have different interests," says Mike, "and I think we will always come together and then go on our own and then come back together again."

McGear and McGough have collaborated on several ventures, including a poetry album, and John is regarded as a very witty and perceptive comic.

"John Gorman is going to be bigger than both of us," predicts Mike. "He's going to be up there looking down on us."

Collectively, The Scaffold has completed an album with a little help from their friends. Paul McCartney produced the LP and people like Jimi Hendrix, Graham Nash of the Hollies, and Dave Mason, formerly a member of The Traffic, dropped in to add a few miscellaneous sounds.

"But you probably won't be able to make out the various contributions," cautions Mike.

Naturally The Scaffold has a message for everyone who helped make their records a success: "Thank U Very Much." □

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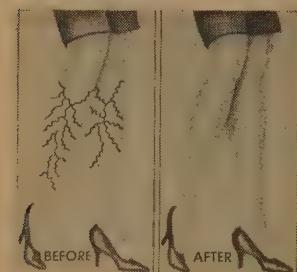
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by Taj Mahal

"The Best Of Little Walter" on Chess is a classic album. Although Walter was a Negro, he wasn't a bluesman. He started out playing polkas and juke box tunes. When he moved to Chicago, he got into the blues. He learned to play harmonica through the classical method. That's why he's very difficult to learn from. His idea in playing harmonica was imitating a saxophone. He did that because he couldn't afford to buy a sax. Everything on his album is fine. He came from Alexandria, Louisiana and he came up listening to Negro Cajun music. They don't play blues as we think of it. (You can hear this in the Clifton Chenier album on Arhoolie. He plays accordion but forget what you've heard on the Ted Mack Show. Chenier is an incredible accordion player.) The most memorable

Walter cuts are "I Can't Hold Out Any Longer," "Blues With A Feeling," "Tell Me, Mama," and "Juke." He really gets into it. I'm interested in the soulfulness of the songs. A few others are good for virtuosity.

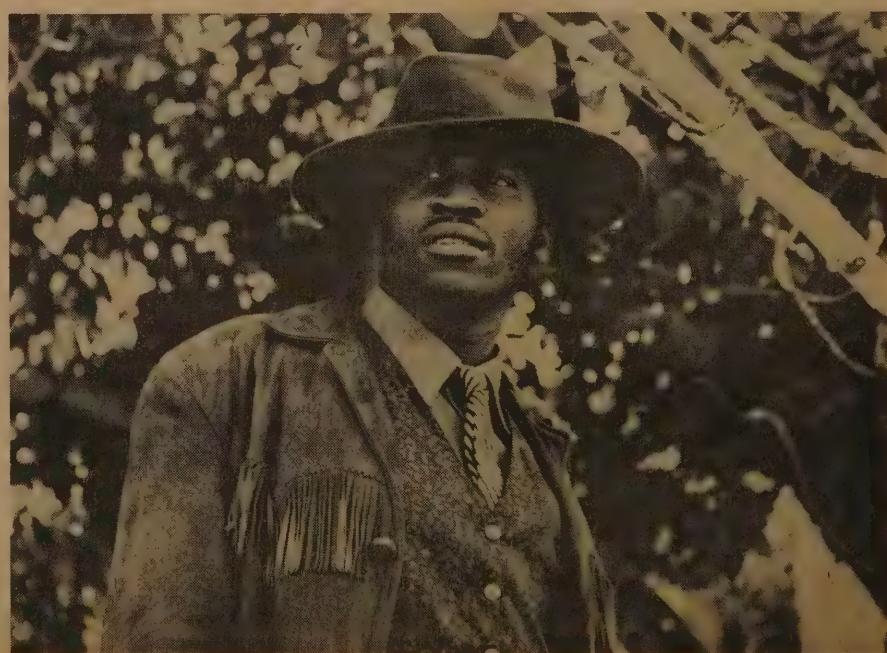
There's a Lonnie Johnson album on Columbia. This guy was into it way back in 1937. I interpret a lot of his material. I respect those old guys a lot because they played exactly what they saw and felt. My favorite cuts are "The Walkin' Blues," "Judgment Day," "Travelin' To The Other Side," "Hell Hound On My Trail." Without a doubt it's one of the finest blues albums you can get.

I like a lot of the Motown things but my favorite is "The Best Of The Temptations."

I kind of like the Memphis/Stax music. The stuff Wilson Pickett and Otis Redding did. They're really down. That's one of the few interracial soul bands that play all the time and nobody's hip to them. I like the way Wilson feels his music. I'd say his best is "The Best Of Wilson Pickett" on Atlantic.

Bob Dylan's "John Wesley Harding." It's got musicianship and some fine songs. He's coming around in a circle. I love to listen to what he has to say. I like everything on that album.

Then there's the Beatles - insane people. "Sgt. Pepper" and "Magical Mystery Tour" are just beautiful. When I hear, "It was 20 years ago today...." Whew! You go through their whole trip. It's like reading a book. Some of Donovan's things too, like "Fly Jefferson Airplane—Gets You There On Time" - just beautiful. I guess I like everything. I'm so open that I have to stop listening sometimes. Everybody is bombarding me with good things. It makes me feel so good that it's too much to take. □





Albert King talks to Jim Delephant (part II)

Boogie woogie piano is responsible for a lot of changes in music. I can remember a long time ago, people like Lonnie Johnson were singing modern blues. People like him were making major chords and modern changes. Now that goes way back - and there was a piano player called Mercy Dee Walton who was making major and minor chord changes many years ago on the piano. They didn't even know what they were doing. You ask them, "What was that you hit?" and they'd say, "I don't know." It was strictly from the soul - what they felt.

Your best music came from those days. Back then you had the Dorseys and Count Basie. There's no music going on today except for a few big bands in the sophisticated clubs. Those guys were really playing. Duke Ellington was all over the place. I was always crazy about those big band arrangements. Red Saunders, the drummer and band leader for the Regal Theatre in Chicago, still plays that stuff.

The first time I saw an electric guitar was with the Dorsey band in 1940. Then they just used it to be heard over the other instruments. Over the years, in places like Chicago and New York, guitar players started playing a lot of solo electric guitar, but people like us playing down in those little country clubs never heard about that electric guitar. I was more interested in the big bands anyway. Whenever I heard one was coming into Memphis I'd save up my money to travel in and catch them. I lived about forty miles from Memphis then.

I was just a country boy and I didn't know much about the city. I was afraid

to go into Memphis by myself. Years later, though, I lived and worked in Memphis for a little while. In those days I was working as a laborer on construction projects in the day and playing my guitar at night. Rufus Thomas and I worked together quite often. When I practiced at night, all the neighbors would be yelling, "Please cut that thing down!"

I got my first electric guitar in Little Rock, Arkansas and I think I still own the man for it. He died and went out of business and I forgot to pay him. Now I have a Showman amp and a Gibson V-shaped guitar. I have an Epiphone I use once in a while. For recording I use a little bitty Fender amp, about as big as one of your biggest clock radios. I use the Showman for live gigs. I also use an organ player instead of a piano in person. The public doesn't want to hear the slow blues piano. Boogie woogie is gone anyway.

Now "Cold Feet" is blues but it's nothing like boogie woogie. "Cold Feet" is what I call an "Indian Tramp." That's like the Indians dancing around the fire. Picture the bass line in your mind and one of those Indians running around the fire. That's the basic rhythm. I didn't really want to do "Cold Feet" like that, but it seemed to fit better. Dick Dunn, the bass player, came up with that thing. He's a real good bass player. All those boys are good.

When I was a kid, I always wanted to travel. There were thirteen people in my family and there's only about four of us living today. When I was a kid, I wanted to be recognized, move around from place to place and do big things. But I didn't know how to go at it. I went as far as the eighth grade in school, and when my mother became a widow I had to go to work.

It was real country in Arkansas. We had to move around a lot. Some places were better than others and we had to get used to people. I liked the places where there was a bunch of kids around to play with after we got through working. I did farm work until I was big enough for construction. I learned how to operate heavy equipment. Actually I'm a bulldozer operator. I traveled all through Mississippi, Arkansas, and Memphis and a lot of other places working on construction. I was a mechanic for four years. I was a short-order cook and truck driver.

Some times I think I'd like to go back to driving a bulldozer. This music can get awful boring. You can't rest when you want to and you can't stop when you get ready. There's always somebody that's got to see you. You can't say no because they get mad. □ (Latest album/Born Under A Bad Sign-Stax)

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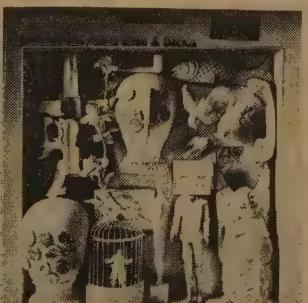
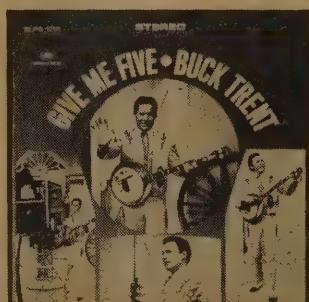


FRED NEIL/SESSIONS can become a very precious musical experience if you let it happen. At first some pieces appear too long, too sloppy, and there are four acoustic guitars strumming and picking as well as Fred's 12-string. Suddenly it hits you that you are sitting up in the wee hours of the morning, sipping beer cans with some very good friends and sharing their music. Here are true musicians, traveling bards with poetic souls, and the jet age has merely brought them closer together. Neil's voice is heavy with countless all-night sessions, cigarettes, conversation, dingy American hotel rooms and even smooth sailing on a lazy Florida lagoon. "Send Me Somebody To Love" and "Fools Are A Long Time Coming" are spontaneous gems. Fred Neil at his very best. (Capitol ST-2862)



THE SUPER BLUES BAND unites the talent and humor (mostly the latter) of Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf and Bo Diddley. The jam session concept comes off much better on the Fred Neil album. On this album, Bo shows that he isn't in the same league with his partners on any level; however, there are some good moments. Bo dares Uncle Wolf to sing "Diddley Daddy" and then Wolf and Bo tease Daddy Mud into a verse. They play around with each other's songs, but Wolf and Waters prove to be the masters, particularly on "The Red Rooster." A lot of fun here if you listen closely. (Checker LPS-3010)

GIVE ME FIVE is an excursion into the incredible world of Buck Trent's electric banjo sounds. Trent, a Nashville session man as well as banjo picker for Porter Wagoner's band, steps out front for twelve dazzling country instrumentals. He has souped-up a 5-string Vega banjo to sound like a steel guitar, a 12-string, an organ, horns and anything else you can think of. Trent's style of picking, alone is breathtaking, especially on uptempo numbers like "Stampede" and "Ain't We Havin' A Good Time." You must hear this to believe it. (Boone BLP-1212)



ONCE UPON A DREAM isn't an earth-shaker. But that's good. The Rascals, being warm, uncomplicated human beings show us that pop music can still be fun and entertaining. The Rascals don't pretend to be anything, which is the success of this album and the group itself. Too many groups get lost in the lies of their own publicity. The Rascals message is simple: "The dream of mankind is peace on earth and goodwill toward men. This album is dedicated to that dream." From "Easy Rollin'" to the title tune, the Rascals have given us some nice easy music to listen to. (Atlantic SD-8169)

A LONG TIME COMIN' is full to the brim with good rich sounds from the Electric Flag. Bloomfield's vibrant guitar churning beneath the horns and riding out on top creates exciting and unique textures rarely heard today. This is a live band with horns and not an arranged studio group. Although they are influenced heavily by the Atlantic/Stax studio horns, Flag uses the rhythmic and harmonic concepts in a totally integrated manner. The band functions as a band on "Texas" - a city blues, "You Don't Realize" - a Stax soul ballad, "Wine" - a jump band shuffle and "Groovin' Is Easy" - a combination of Flag, Rascals and Bob Crewe. An excellent first album from a band of dedicated musicians. (Columbia CS-8597) □



The Scene

(continued from page 7)

Stones without a break. One nice thing is that both stations play new albums long before they are released because they get tapes of unreleased albums in advance, or because they play British LP versions. For example, Eric Clapton brought a tape of "Disraeli Gears" down to KMPX last September, two months before it was released as an LP. "Their Satanic Majesties Request," "Buffalo Springfield Again," "Magical Mystery Tour," Judy Collins' "Wildflowers," "After Bathing At Baxter's," "Blue Cheer," Hendrix' "Axis: Bold As Love," and the Electric Flag LP, are all albums one could hear on these stations weeks before they were released.

The DJ's do not play any Top 40 songs, but just about everything else, according to personal preferences: Charles Lloyd and other jazz groups which are of interest to "the community" or which the DJ likes, Pannalal Ghosh on shehnai, Ravi Shankar with Yehudi Menuhin, Chuck Berry, oldies but goodies from pre-Beatles days, blues. Since the San Francisco audience is very blues-conscious, one hears a lot of it on KMPX: both the old blues men, the established Chicago groups like Howlin' Wolf, Otis Rush, Jr. Wells, B.B. King,

and the new young groups like Butterfield, Musselwhite, and Electric Flag. Also the very good British blues-oriented bands such as John Mayall, the Savoy Brown Blues Band, and Ten Years After.

They also invite visiting musicians to come down and talk. One Saturday night Cream came over to KMPX after the last set at the Fillmore (last September) and talked for a while; then Clapton played DJ for several hours, playing all his favorite old blues records. Christmas Day here in L.A. found Canned Heat playing blues records from Al "Blind Owl's" fantastic collection. They've also had Mayall, Jimi Hendrix, Charlie Musselwhite and others who don't come to mind at the moment. Like the Fish.

You can request things you'd like to hear, and you can call up and just rap with the DJ's.

The last and one of the nicest things about these stations is that in addition to the standard rock fare, you hear lots of unusual, underground-type stuff. Bert Jansch, for instance, or John Fahey. A tape of Jorma Kaukonen playing guitar with Janis Joplin singing, from their folkie days. The long, long, long version of the Springfield's "Bluebird." The Traffic album. The Savoy Brown Blues Band. The Incredible String Band. A tape of the Sparrow (now known as Steppenwolf) doing the original, incred-

ible version of "The Pusher," to be found in an emasculated version on their new album. A tape of Blue Cheer doing "Doctor, Please." (This group got a recording contract on the basis of request action at KMPX for this tape. Alas, the album, which is selling like hotcakes down here, does not come up to either the tape or live performances of Blue Cheer.) You can also hear Tim Hardin, Tim Rose's version of "Hey, Joe," from which Hendrix copped his, Judy Collins' "Wildflowers," Leonard Cohen, and Joan Baez.

These two FM stations represent some of the possibilities of good radio for the rock community. Admittedly, they are the creation of one man, Tom Donohue, and not the result of picketing, letter-writing, or boycotting, so I'm not sure what good this information will be to readers in other parts of the country. But the knowledge that people were switching over to KMPX caused a change in program policy - to more music, a better music, at one San Francisco Top 40 station. So who knows? Furthermore, KMPX's fame spread entirely by word of mouth, as they had no money to advertise with until later (and then only in the "Berkeley Barb.") Here in L.A., "psychedelic" shops which advertised in the "Fire Press" gave free plugs to KPPC - the rest was word of mouth. Take heart, everyone. □ melissa mills



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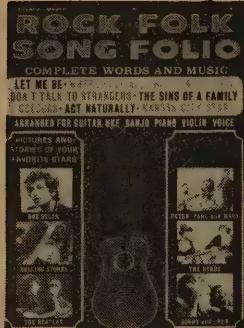
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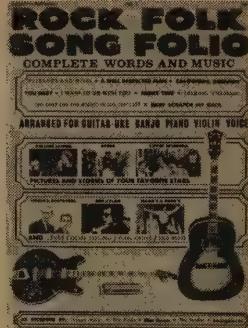
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new stars on the horizon



The Fireballs

To many young people who just received their first transistor radio this Christmas, The Fireballs are a new group. Actually, "Bottle Of Wine," on Atco Records, is the fifth smash hit for the veteran group from Clovis, New Mexico.

In pop music, where today's top-of-the-charts sensations all too frequently become tomorrow's broom pushers in the local factory, the Fireballs are that rarest of rarities - a group that's remained together with all original members intact for ten years.

Jimmy Gilmer, vocalist and rhythm guitarist; George Tomsco, lead guitarist; Stan Lark bassist; and drummer Doug Roberts were one of the many, many rock groups which seemed to pop up all over the country in the late 1950's,

each group hoping to become the next rock rage.

"Elvis and Buddy Holly were the biggest stars back then," says Jimmy. "All you needed was a strong sound-a-heavy beat with lots of twangy guitar work. But even then, the right combination of hit-making sounds was as elusive as it is today."

"We were so anxious to hit the road touring after our first record was released that we just rushed out and had to wire for money to get back home," recalls George. "It seemed that nobody knew who the Fireballs were. All our high hopes were smashed and we felt terrible."

"But we didn't give up. We started all over. In the music business you can't

stop because your next hit may be just around the corner."

Although Jimmy earned only thirteen cents in royalties from the Fireballs' first record, Norman Petty was so impressed with the group that he became their manager. The discoverer of the late great Buddy Holly, Petty used the Fireballs to overdub instrumental tracks on vocals Holly left behind.

The Fireballs continued recording on their own. Their first real hit was an instrumental called "Torquay." After several more instrumental hits, the group's musical activity was temporarily suspended while several members served their tour of military duty.

"When we got back into the swing of things, instrumental hits were few and far between," says Doug. "Vocals were the rage so Jimmy found a simple little song called 'Sugar Shack.' It was the best selling record in 1963."

"Sugar Shack" established the Fireballs as a permanent fixture in the pop music firmament. They're able to perform regularly and sustain a loyal following without having to rely on a hit record. While fads and trends have come and gone, the Fireballs have steadily built a solid reputation as entertainers.

Although they've had to perform "Sugar Shack," "Quite A Party," "Bulldog," "Torquay" and all the other Fireballs favorites again and again thousands of times, the boys still enjoy playing them to an appreciative audience.

"Even though we've been doing some of our songs for five or six years, there are always a lot of people in the audience who are hearing them for the first time," says Stan. "That's why we always try to do the songs with the same enthusiasm we had when we first started playing them. After all, those hits have been good to us and so have our fans. We try to be nice to them in return."

Between "Sugar Shack" and "Bottle Of Wine," the Fireballs have been on an endless whirl of personal and television appearances across the country. You'll be hearing more hit records from them too, because the Fireballs don't intend to stop rolling.

"Success is so elusive in the music business," says Jimmy, speaking from experience. "It's hard to find and even harder to keep. But it takes a hold on you and you just keep on plugging away at it, even during the hard times. You can even learn from failure. Either you get out of the business or you reset your goals and start over, because the music scene is always changing. We stayed with it."

It's not too far-fetched to predict that some day, ten years from now, a very young girl will say to a friend, "Hey. I just heard a groovy song on the radio. It's by a new group called The Fireballs."

Pictures I Hear

(continued from page 35)

to the music playing in your head..."

It would be a mistake to think of *Lady Madonna* as a "hard rock" song, and especially wrong to consider that the Beatles intended to start any kind of trend "back to" rock; while there are certain areas of heaviness in the song, there are more indications of progression than of a return to anything past; actually, *Lady Madonna* is not as much traditional rock and roll as was the theme of "Sergeant Pepper." Rather, it is basically the kind of buoyant, circular, well-knit, sentimental-lyricized song that Paul McCartney enjoys writing and does best. (Especially the "... Monday afternoon. . . . Friday's child. . ." part; this makes me think of McCartney's "... Woke up; Got out of bed. . ." insertion in *A Day in the Life*, which the Beatles have said started out as a completely different song from the main part. It seems to me quite plausible that *Lady Madonna* could have come about in the same way—a fusing of what might have started out as two separate songs.)

Lady Madonna is really two almost-equal parts of brothiness and breathiness; the heavy of the piece is quite naturally a combination of the string bass and the lower keys of the piano, as in "A Little Help from My Friends." Ringo's voice again works well in this combination—and with a stronger piece of poetry actually manages to dominate and relegate the instrumental complex to the background at certain points, as it was unable—or not allowed—to do in "A Little Help." The vocal part of Ringo could quite easily be done by a cello in a non-verbal version of the song. (Imagine a concert fifty years from now with some future Casals or Rostropovich doing the solo part on *Lady Madonna*.)

Most of us, after listening to the radio a lot, find banal lyrics we would rather not have heard sticking to our brain

like papyrus. After listening to *Lady Madonna*, what you are likely to remember far more than the words are the muted choral-trumpet phrases in the middle of the vigorous player-piano-like lines at the end, with the mock-rock ersatz-saxophone sound grinding against it. People who think they see a "return to rock" in Beatles' production are missing what is really being given them: a group of musical sounds to carry in their heads.

Another sound that will follow your head wherever it goes is Etta James' re-creation of the Otis Redding song, *Security*. Etta brings us more than a rhythm song—she probably screams more expressively than any woman on earth; and the exact rise and fall of each wail is delicately calculated. In fact, the success of the song rests on perfect timing, as much as in the enthusiasm of the rendering. This is the kind of repetitious music that can become boring in the careless hands of a James Brown, or totally withered from an onslaught by someone like Mick Jagger. Etta James outclasses her newer rivals—like Aretha Franklin and Gladys Knight—with her unique projection of the disciplined emotional outburst.

If Donovan's French pastry, "Jennifer Juniper," sounds a little snobbish instrumentally with its oboes and flutes, the creator has offset it by staying away from his usual florid lyrical imagery; you feel that Donovan is talking directly to a very young girl, and almost as though he were making it up as he went along; he hangs up a little on "flaxen hair" and "dappled mare," but most of the words in "Jennifer Juniper" are conceived and delivered in a delightful kind of conversational poetry. The music has an interesting flatness, and sounds quite a bit like that hit song written several years ago by the nun who was played in the movie by Debbie Reynolds. "Jennifer Juniper" has the same effect of shock, coming quietly at you out of the middle of Top-40 radio. If they ever make a movie of Donovan's eventful life, I think Warren Beatty should probably play the title role. □

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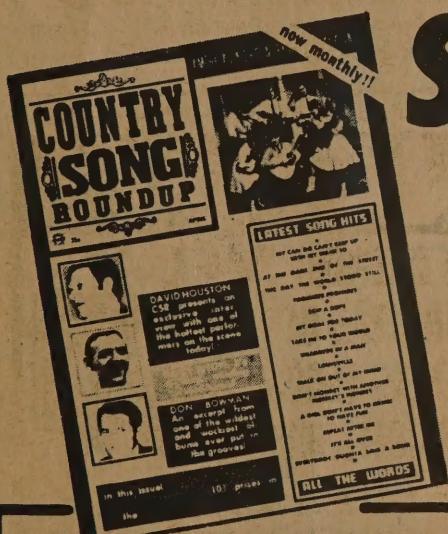
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Stones "Buttons" songs
"The Happening"
"Groovin'"
"Somebody To Love"
"Friday On My Mind"
"My Back Pages"



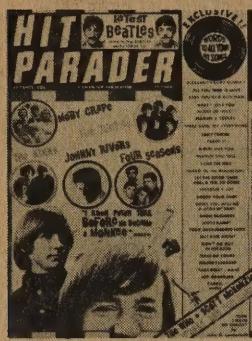
AUGUST, 1967
Jagger On "Buttons"
Turtles, Who,
Donovan, Monkees,
Paul Simon, Paul Revere

"Six O'Clock"
"Him Or Me"
"Creeque Alley"
"I Got Rhythm"
"Mirage"
"Ain't No Mountain"



SEPTEMBER, 1967
Bee Gees, The Doors
Moby Grape, Who,
Stax Story, Cream,
Peter Tork, Yardbirds

3 "Headquarters" songs
5 "Moby Grape" songs
"C'mon Marianne"
"Tracks Of My Tears"
"Light My Fire"
"Windy"



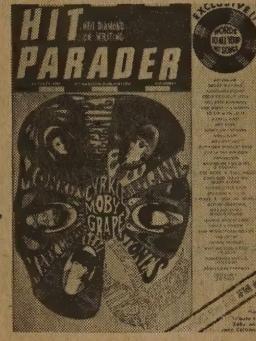
OCTOBER, 1967
Monkees, 4 Seasons,
Turtles, Kinks,
Beatle Interview,
Who, Scott McKenzie,
Stax Story, Airplane

"Pleasant Valley Sunday"
"All You Need Is Love"
"Baby I Love You"
"Fakin' It"
"A Girl Like You"
"White Rabbit"



NOVEMBER, 1967
Recording With Monkees,
Spoonful, Herman,
Rascals, Supremes,
Janis Ian, Bobbie T.,
Jefferson Airplane

Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper"
Monkees' "Headquarters"
Stones' "Flowers"
"Reflections"
"Heroes And Villains"
"Apples, Peaches,
Pumpkin Pie"



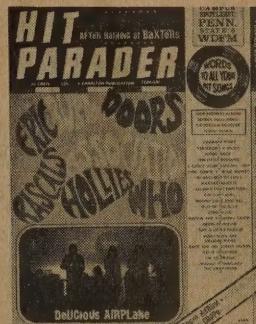
DECEMBER, 1967
Roy Orbison's Rock
History, Neil Diamond,
Cyrkle, Mark Lindsay,
Paul Butterfield, Stones,
Airplane, Bee Gees,
Bobbi Gentry

"Never My Love"
"To Sir With Love"
"How Can I Be Sure"
"Soul Man"
"Dandelion"
"The Letter"



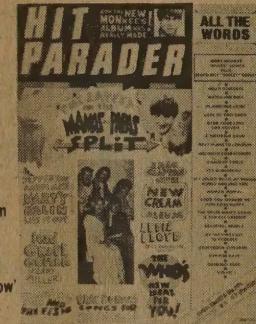
JANUARY, 1968
Paul McCartney
Rolling Stones
Jimi Hendrix
Spencer Davis
Traffic • Airplane
Moby Grape
Roy Orbison

"She Is Still A Mystery"
"Love Is Only Sleeping"
"Incense & Peppermints"
"A Natural Woman"
"The Rain, The Park"
"Keep The Ball Rollin'"
"King Midas In Reverse"



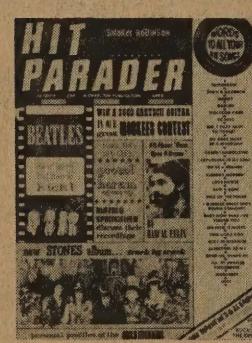
FEBRUARY, 1968
Airplane At Baxter's
Eric Burdon
The Doors • The Who
The Association
Procol Harum
Rascals • Moby Grape
Herb Alpert

Monkees "Pisces" Album
"I Heard It Through The
Grapevine"
"I Second That Emotion"
"Watch The Flowers Grow"
"Skinny Legs & All"
"In And Out Of Love"



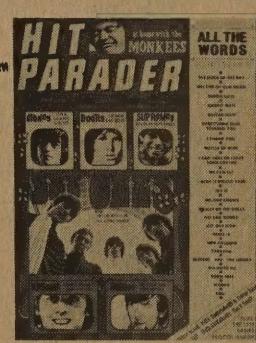
MARCH, 1968
Mama & Papa's
Eric Clapton
Gladys Knight & Pips
Young Rascals
Country Joe & Fish
Who • Airplane
Monkee Album

Beach Boys "Smiley" Songs
"Hello Goodbye"
"Watch Her Ride"
"Love Me Two Times"
"Wear Your Love Like
Heaven"
"Chain Of Fools"



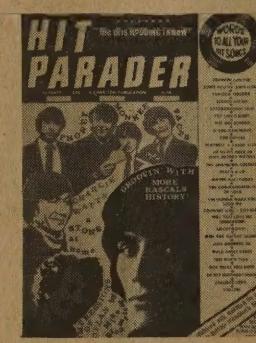
APRIL, 1968
Smokey Robinson Interview
Beatles' Movie
Buffalo Springfield
Bee Gees
Stones' Album
Rascals' Album
Tim Buckley

"She's A Rainbow"
"Money" • "Tomorrow"
"Green Tambourine"
"We're A Winner"
"Judy In Disguise"
"Bend Me, Shape Me"
"Sunday Morning"



MAY, 1968
The Supremes
Bee Gees
Lonnie Mack
Pete Townshend
The Doors
Satanic Stones
Monkees At Home

"Dock Of The Bay"
"End Of Our Road"
"I Thank You"
"Valley Of The Dolls"
"I Wish It Would Rain"
"We Can Fly"
"Carpet Man"



JUNE, 1968
Bob Dylan
Otis Redding
Young Rascals
Martha & The Vandellas
The Mothers
Rufus Thomas
Rolling Stones

"Valerie" • "Tapioca Tundra"
"Jennifer Juniper"
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